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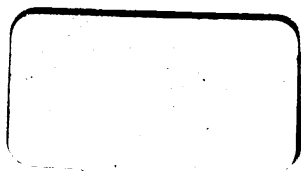


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AMERICA AT THE FRONT

• FULLERTON L. WALDO •

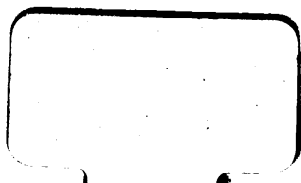
1. E-w, 1914 - American front in France.
Paris, 1914



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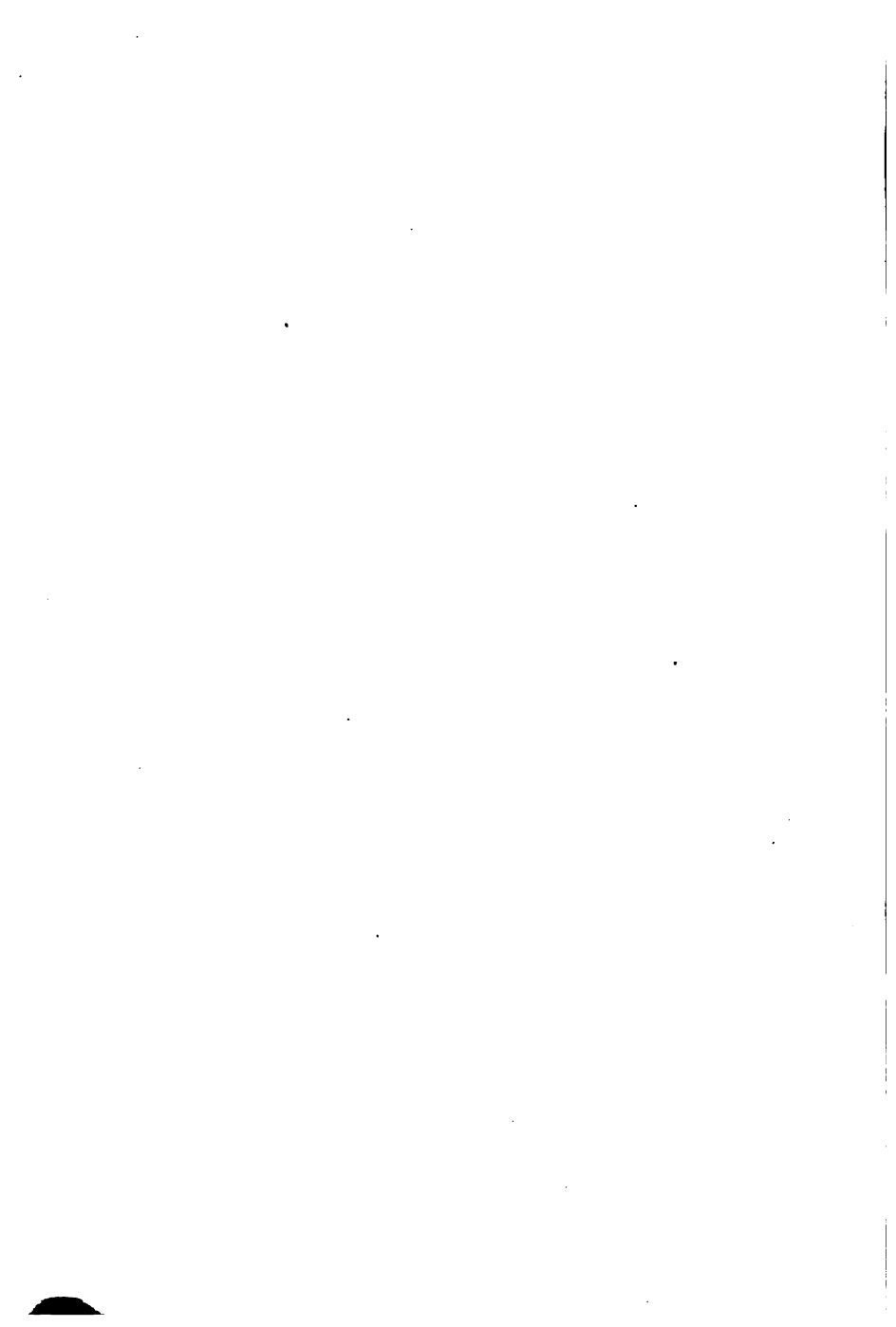
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1.E-w, 1914 - American front in France.
From 1914 to 1918



WALL

BTZS



AMERICA AT THE FRONT

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UP THE GUNS

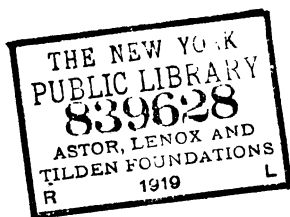
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AMERICA AT THE FRONT

BY
FULLERTON L. WALDO

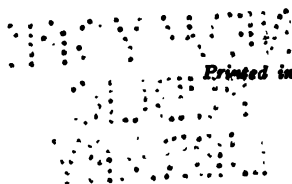


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TO
A. J. P.

Recd 20 Dec 1890

A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

*We thought we knew you in the days of old—
The days light-hearted when our hearts were free
And there was room for mirth and minstrelsy
And glory and the things men do for gold.
We knew you not! For we were unaware
Of a great tidal tumult in your soul
Until it rose and overleapt control,
And showed in splendid exaltation there
An all-consuming passion, pure as fire,
That could not let a monstrous evil go,
That could not live on earth with a great lie,
But, swept like harp-strings by the one desire,
Went out to face the intolerable foe,
And met him smiling, with no fear to die.*

FOREWORD

THIS little book is an effort to describe the experience of hundreds of thousands of Americans whose first journey to Europe is made not for pleasure, as in peace-times, but to redress a world-wide wrong.

The writer in 1915 visited England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Malta, the Balkans and Turkey; in 1917 he went to Scotland, England and the British Front in France; in 1918 he crossed France twice from the mountains to the sea, studying the adaptation of American soldiers to their strange environment. He has shared the life of troop-ships and trains, the dugouts and the trenches, and as opportunity offered he has investigated the work of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other ameliorative agencies with a growing admiration for their great achievement.

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F. L. W.

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AMERICA AT THE FRONT

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

CHAPTER I

GETTING THERE

"Goodbye, pa ; goodbye, ma ;
Goodbye, mule, with your old hee-haw :
I may not know what the War's about,
But I bet, by gosh ! I'll soon find out.
Goodbye, sweetheart, don't you care ;
I'll bring you a piece of the Kaiser's ear.
I'll bring you a Turk and a German, too,
And that's about all one fellow can do."
—Shipboard Song.

ABOARD S.S.

June, 1918.

"If that damned Kaiser can lick ten million of them he's going some!"

That is what a sergeant said to me as he ran his appraising eye along the glistening files of men, stripped to the waist, on the after-deck.

The "doughboys" were lined up before the doctors for their daily physical examination. Here stood six-feet-three-inches of Nebraska plowboy, blue of eye

and red of cheek, flanked by Bad Hair, the pure-blooded Sioux Indian, with Bruno, the Navajo on the starboard side of him. Both Indians and their tribesmen were on board because they wanted to come. There were Greeks who hoped to be sent on to Salonica. A little further down the line I heard a drowsy murmur of Spanish, like bees in clover, where New Mexico began, brown of face, black of hair, silent and a trifle green about the gills as soon as the sea became the least bit mischievous.

Off the starboard bow the porpoises were leaping.

"What's them things?" said Kansas to North Dakota.

North Dakota guessed they might be whales. But Indiana, who had been on the Big Blue before, supplied the explanation.

"Those are porpoises."

"Are they good to eat?" asked Ohio, Illinois and Minnesota, in one gum-flavored breath.

"No."

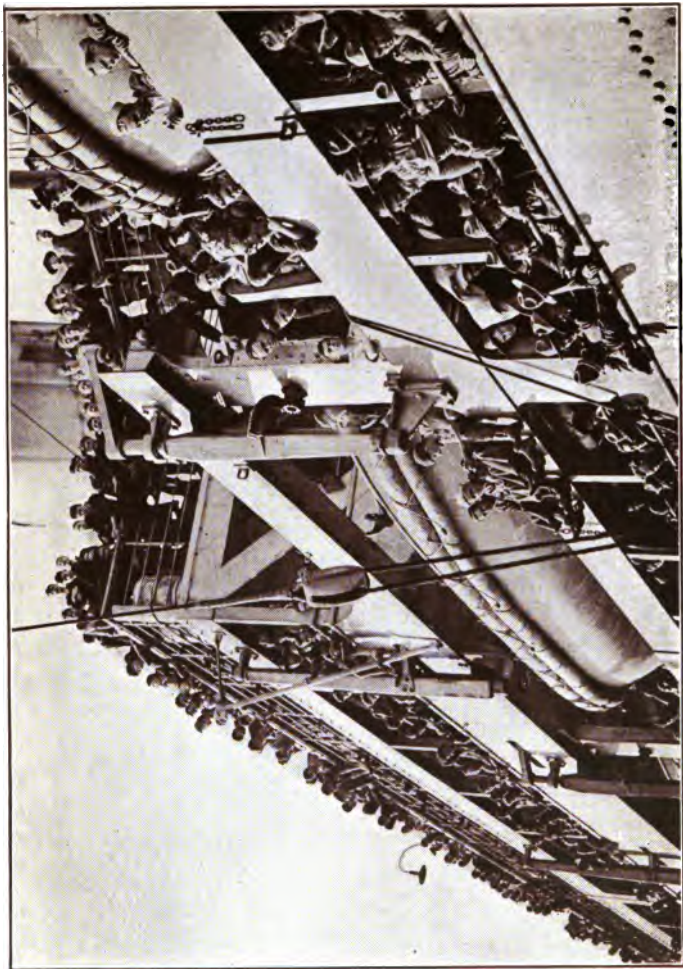
"Then what are they good for?"

"You can use the hides of the biggest for leather substitutes. They make shoe-strings out of them, too," answered the learned Hoosier.

"Seems like an awful waste of food," was Missouri's thrifty comment. "Bet they don't taste any worse than that tripe we had for dinner yesterday."

"It was chicken," interjected Oklahoma.

"Chicken your grandmother!" retorted Missouri. "Somebody said it was frozen rabbit from Australia. I couldn't tell by lookin' at the shoulder-blades I got



Photograph by Signal Corps, A. E. F.

OFF FOR FRANCE

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if it was squirrel or rabbit. A squirrel's bones is dark. These was pretty light for a squirrel."

"Anyway, that didn't taste like an American-born fish we had for supper," put in Kansas, in a drawl of plaintive reminiscence.

"Nothin' ever tastes the same at sea." Having delivered himself of this weighty dictum in a basso growl out of the cage of three days' chafing at salt water, Illinois lit another Lucky Strike, leaned with clasped hands over the rail, and thought of the corn-fed roast pork of his native State and the dear faces round about that well-remembered table. At least, the dreamy look in his eyes told as much.

"Did you hear about those Chinese coolies a Canadian officer was taking over to France?" asked Kansas. "They wanted to kill the cooks because, they said, somehow or other whenever it was rough the food wouldn't stay down."

"This is about as flat a country as ever I saw," observed Iowa suddenly, with a sweep of his brown hand seaward.

"Bet you wouldn't try to drive your Ford over it!" The speaker held out to several willing hands a box of National Corn Crackers that he had obtained by standing half-an-hour in the queue at the canteen.

"Be careful what you do with the box!" warned a young lieutenant at his shoulder. "If you throw printed paper overboard the Germans may pick it up and track us by it."

The officer disappeared in a hatchway as though a string had pulled him.

"I was talking to a sailor this morning," said Nebraska, "and he gave me four good reasons why the Germans are going to sink this ship."

A lumber-jack from the far North-west was scornful. "No tin mackerel's a-going to get this boat, son!"

"Well," answered Nebraska, "I ain't scared. I'm just passin' on to you what he told me. He said the ship's dog deserted the day before we sailed. The two cats we got aboard ain't the official ones, 'cause the others ran away. Then there ain't no rats on the ship, and that's a bad sign, he says—'cause the rats is always first to know when a ship's goin' to sink. An' the fourth an' last good reason is, that the ship over yonder"—he jerked his thumb at the horizon—"was on hand when the *Tuscania* went down with our fellows aboard singin' 'Where Do We Go from Here, Boys?'"

"The *Tuscania* lagged behind," observed a sagacious veteran of twenty-three returning from sick-leave.

Nebraska ignored the interruption. "I thought I wasn't carryin' very much baggage," he went on, "but I've got a lot more than that sailor had. He told me he had fifty-three pieces, and when I asked him what they were, he said: 'A pack of cards and a sweat-rag.'"

"Think of what those Britishers must 'a' suffered coming across in the Revolution," put in a Texas cow-puncher, "all cooped up in a floatin' stock-pen with a few moldy biscuits and the rats and fleas. I bet there wasn't room on board for a game of

dominoes. If you grinned you'd make the ship top-heavy."

"They didn't have any of these here U-boats, anyhow," remarked Central Ohio soberly. The rest hooted the suggestion.

"I hear there was a fellow jumped overboard last night," Ohio went on in self-defense.

"Pick up those cigarette-stubs," commanded an officer sternly. It was no use for Ohio to explain that they were not his, and he stooped to the rôle of scavenger in silence.

"You can hear 'most anything you want to on this boat. It's a regular rumor-factory." This from California.

Denver followed with a story about his brother, a civilian, who was compelled to fill in so many blank forms to get on another boat that he had writer's cramp the first night out and couldn't sleep.

"Did you hear what that Indian from Oklahoma said at Camp Bowie?" inquired Chicago, breaking a lull in the proceedings. "They asked him, 'How do you like the Army?' He said, 'Too much salutee. Not enough shootee.' 'What are you fighting for?' they said. 'To make the world safe for Democrats,' the poor gink answered."

"They're a lively lot at Bowie," observed another in the group. "I was there. We tempted one fellow off duty with a ham sandwich, and then we had a bogus court-martial. I was Judge Advocate-General. Let him off with a fine. We melted it down, all right. We used to roast the life out of one chap, who boasted

he had raised \$200,000 worth of cotton. Every time he opened his mouth, we'd have another man tell about raising \$2,000,000 worth. Everything he'd say we'd go him one better. Cured him of boasting. Taught another man somethin' like civilized manners by tellin' him he couldn't have a two-edged knife for fear he'd cut his mouth, and makin' jokes about flat peas. We had an awful scare one day. An aviator came flyin' over the camp, doin' Immelmann turns an' nose-spins. It was great. Suddenly he shot down to earth behind a house a long way off. We ran hell-bent for election to get to him, as if we were chasin' Kaiser Bill. By and by, when we'd nearly bust ourselves open from runnin', we found he had a new landin'-place we didn't know anything about—and that was it."

The deck suddenly filled with men, crowding up from below till it was like the bleachers at a ball-game. It was the boat-drill. The roll-call as they mustered led one to ask himself, "Who, then, is an American?"

It ran something like this:

MASON
McMICHAEL
SEMENSKY
HEIN
O'MALLEY
KRUGER
HAGAN
BABALAMENTO
KRUSKY
BAUMGARTNER

In an hour of ease, hard upon the heels of busy exercises to keep the men from "stewing in their own juice," a monstrous musicale went forward on a lower deck.

Up jumped a tawny Middle-Westerner to unstable equilibrium on a capstan, and the crowd hissed for silence that he might stand and deliver his monologue. He made believe that he was an Irishman electioneering.

"I'm P. J. Hogan!" he shouted, in an unctuous brogue, "and I'm running for Queen of the May on a meal-ticket. If you vote for me, we'll have the trolley run up every alley, and there'll be a barrel of beer on the back platform of every car. The curbstones will all be nickel-plated. We'll have patrol-wagons that'll take you so far in thirty minutes that you won't get back for thirty days."

Then a Kansas lad pretended to be a Scandinavian farm-hand from Minnesota. His bunk, he said, was mostly board, and his board was mostly "bunk." The farmer who employed him had promised him steady work—and yet he laid him off for two hours every night. And so forth.

A Canadian captain from Calgary loomed up with pithy anecdotes of the trenches, uproariously welcomed. He had fought round Ypres and in the Battle of the Somme, and he wore the picture of his baby daughter in the pocket over his heart.

"You've heard about the cooties at the Front," he told the thronging, uplifted faces. "One of the men,

fresh from the trenches, went to a fine house in London to a party. The cooties were not through with him, though he had done his best to persuade them to say goodby. He longed for a chance to scratch, but he didn't dare. At last a bright idea came to him. 'I want to tell you about my brother in the Navy,' he said. 'He has a gold epaulet up here' (scratching one shoulder), 'another here' (scratching the other shoulder), 'gold braid here on this hip, gold braid here on the other hip.' "

Suiting the action to the word, the Canadian brought peals of mirth as he enacted the soldier ridding himself of his tormentors. Another man, quoth the Captain, in writing home had very frankly confessed: "I'm as lousy as a pet coon," and had then concluded his letter by saying: "I hope this leaves you as I am at present." At a point where trenches of friend and foe crept to a close and perilous proximity, a German who knew English fluently had called out: "Anybody here from Winnipeg?" "I've got a wife and two children in Winnipeg," came back a Canadian voice. "Well," was the Boche's rejoinder, "put your head up and you'll have a widow and two orphans in Winnipeg." Another Boche shouted: "I cut the hair of some of you fellows in Toronto."

Somebody started an Army song, said to have been born at Camp Gordon, to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

GETTING THERE

9

Fifteen dollars for allotment: (*twice repeated*)

And we've only got fifteen dollars left.

Seven dollars for allotment: (*twice repeated*)

And we've only got eight dollars left.

Five dollars for a Liberty Bond (*twice repeated*)

And we've only got three dollars left.

Two dollars for a Liberty Bond (*twice repeated*)

And we've only got a dollar left.

All we do is sign the pay-roll (*twice repeated*)

And we haven't got a gol-darned cent.

Men who had been at Camp Logan, Texas, with a sweet-voiced-quartet and the ukalele of an ambulance-driver leading off, started the "Hesitation Blues," familiar to folk who live in New Orleans within earshot of negro minstrelsy:

"Gwine down to de levee,
take a rockin' chair;
If de blues don't get me,
gwine to rock away from dere.

Chorus:

"Oh, tell me, how long must I wait?
Does I get it now, or does I hesitate?"

"Ashes to ashes, dust is to dust,
Show me a woman that a man can trust.

"If de river was booze and I was a duck
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up."

And so on, interminably.

For vocal quartets unaccompanied, in the closest varieties of close harmony, the soldier appetite was insatiable. A deafening din of whistling, stamping and cheering greeted such performances always.

It was stirring when a skilled pianist in the packed dining-saloon taught the men from printed copies of the words to sing the Marseillaise.

They were encouraged in their effort to wrap their lips round the French sound of the letter "u" by the knowledge that men who arrived in France before them stirred to the heart the women of the villages by singing the national air. The women even snatched and kissed the hands of the marching men.

The infantrymen had to leave at the gangway their musical instruments, along with their kodaks, their electric pocket-lamps, and any jewelry that flashed; but the men of the ambulance service, it seemed, were under no such statute of limitations. Their orchestras of mushroom birth were inspiring. Great was the ukalele and it prevailed over the crashing of the waves, the wind's moaning, the stewards rattling the dishes, the purr of the electric fan, the honk of the fog-horn, or the cries of those who thought they discovered a periscope.

The boxing-ring each afternoon had its vociferous devotees, on edge to find the fun and insistent on fair play—just this side of the second-cabin deck-house where the wireless was kenneled.

Two of the men arranged an artful hoax. They started a wrestling-match. One began to bite and kick



Photograph by Signal Corps, A. E. F.

"ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?"



and scratch, and soon the ringside was aroused to a white heat of sportsmanlike indignation.

"Take him off!" the spectators shouted.

"Dirty work!"

"Foul!"

And stronger language still, breaking into cat-calls and hisses.

The referee told the men to fight it out with gloves. After they shook hands he said to one: "What have you got there in your glove?"

Examination showed that it was a spike.

In the other man's glove was a lump of coal.

The wrath of the crowd dissolved in laughter.

But it was not always in formal fisticuffs that animal spirits found vent.

Our soldiers at sea, like boys on a rainy afternoon at boarding-school, love "rough-house."

They would be snoozing on the deck in the sunlight, dreaming of home, cuddled as comfortably as puppies on the sawdust in a store window. You've seen the way the dogs hunt about and snuggle for a soft pillowing on one another; even so this mass of khaki-clad figures lay as though nothing short of a Hun torpedo's impact amidships could disturb the peace.

Then somebody threw a penny, or a piece of candy or a cigarette on the deck, and dared the others to pick it up.

Instantly a ring was formed, amid pandemonium.

One bolder than the rest would swoop down, and

his mates would pounce on him and bowl him over as if in a scrimmage at football. You'd think they were going to tear him limb from limb. But young America is made of india rubber, it would seem. For an hour at a time the game went on amid shrieks of laughter. What were the quoits and the shuffleboard of civilian peacetimes compared with this boisterous amusement?

Round one's neck at all hours in the danger-zone, like the albatross with the Ancient Mariner, or the pack of sins on the shoulders of Bunyan's Pilgrim, was the kapok-stuffed life preserver, with "front and back as either should be." It was a meal-ticket without which you were not served. It was good to have "FRONT" marked in large capitals like the scare-heads of the War news, for you were reminded right under your nose of your destination. "Kapok," it seems, is a fluffy-duffy, singularly buoyant floss that comes from Java.

There were four men from Java aboard, and they had been so long *en route* that when the ship's printer died it was the fifteenth burial they had seen at sea since they began their journey.

Like a great lodestone yonder, by a compelling magnetism, the cause of the Allies was drawing men to serve and to be faithful unto death. In the cabin with me I found one who hastened from the command of great mining enterprises in Chili, and another mining engineer who rode overland five hundred miles to get to the railway in Siberia. From Moscow

came a man who had to travel twenty-six days by rail to Vladivostok. He started with his leg in a plaster cast, which was removed before he crossed the Pacific.

Why did they come?

I asked them, and I found they felt they had to come to save their souls. They had to come because the men that were boys with them were fighting and dying. They had to come or shave in the dark for the rest of their lives, lest the mirror shame them.

The money was nothing.

The darling enterprises they had nursed through teething-troubles and infantile complaints to a sturdy adolescence, were nothing.

But a man's honor was everything, and so "borne on the breath that men call death," they were brothers-in-the-blood of Drake and Frobisher and Grenville of the "Revenge," of Bayard and Coligny and Lafayette, whose souls awaited them in the skies.

Those who once thought of the Y. M. C. A. as a bunch of molly-coddles wanting in red corpuscles, lacking the will or the wit to fight, must revise their idea. Every man of the "Y" on board was a living refutation of the theory, as he moved among the soldiers, not proselytizing, not preaching, but talking familiarly, contriving amusement, and handing out the stationery that wore the legend "With the Colors" under the red triangle.

The letters couldn't say much, but it comforted the homesick lad at sea to be able to put down what he

thought of his swinging hammock over the coffee-stained linoleum above the mess-room tables, or to describe his dimly-lighted bunk far down in the steerage. He did not complain. He was going to France. He could not name the ship. He could not say anything about defensive measures against submarines. He could not tell what protective devices he saw in sky or water just after the shore-line faded out and the ocean dwarfed the prairie that he knew. But at any rate he could write to his brother or his best girl in an outwelling tenderness of feeling; and a kiss could travel in his thought as far and as fast as prayer and outstrip the forbidden wireless or the inaccessible cable.

The letter might not be much as literature, but it was chock-full of genuine sentiment. Perhaps it ran somewhat like this:

"Well, Bill, how are you? We had a smooth voyage so far. Some of us who were not used to it got a little sick; the air gets close below decks with the portholes all shut up. We have dandy talks and concerts in the dining-room, only they call it 'saloon,' every night, but can't say much on one side of a sheet of paper, and aren't allowed to say where we are, in fact we don't know as they don't post the run. We're somewhere between the North and South Poles. Don't know when we land, but we will go through to Berlin sure and hand the Kaiser one on the jaw. A fellow said, 'Wish we'd hit a 'berg.' I said, 'Why?' He said, 'Hindenburg.'

"Well, Bill, be good to Mother and Elsie, and keep the home fires burning. Will write when we get to shore.

Don't forget to write me and tell everybody what we want more than anything is letters. We sing a lot; the food is bum and I don't care for so much fish, and I wish our own company cooks was on the job, but you know what Sherman said about War; only if we had some fruit once and a while it would sure taste good. We had an apple and orange Sunday night. This is all I can cram in, writing awful small. Love to all.

"Your loving,
"BUD."

The "Y" men, squeaking about in new tan shoes and shiny leather puttees, were from 39 States and from every walk of life.

"Everybody is imbibed with the one object," said one, whose shining zeal surpassed his diction.

It was a dry ship. Ginger ale and mineral waters were the barkeeper's stock-in-trade.

Let us take the "Y" men as one happened to meet them.

The first was pastor of a Methodist church in Western New York. The pictures of his wife and four children sat on the shelf of his cabin. The boy of eleven was his playmate. The father brought a violin, and it lay on his chest and comfortably talked to him.

Number Two was a school principal in Illinois. His wife was holding down the job in his absence. "How did you come to get into this?" I asked. "I saw an ad. in 'The Continent' saying the Y. M. C. A. wanted men to go to France. I said to my wife, 'I believe they

want me.' She instantly agreed. Up I got and out I went and here I am."

The next man proved to be a Buffalo apothecary; his *vis-a-vis* had been a missionary in India for fourteen years and now fills a pulpit in Kansas. Another man, a singing teacher, left a studio in New York; and still another had been a theatrical manager. Bishop Luther B. Wilson's name has been a household word with every Methodist. John D. Rockefeller's pastor, Dr. Wolfkin, was along, and he was his own man. There was a Presbyterian minister from the State of Washington, and there was a correspondence school manager from Minneapolis. I said to a broker from Indianapolis: "Why did you put on the 'Y'?" He answered simply: "I wanted to serve. I wanted to do something to help in the War. I'd rather be in a machine-gun battery. As I can't do that, I've chosen this." Another man was an inspector in the Fire Department of New York City. A Swiss by birth, he talked four languages and taught French and Italian each day to lawyers, doctors and ministers who had their busy little school of languages in the writing-room.

And so it went. The outstanding personality was that of E. H. Sothern the actor. The War has put him on a still loftier pinnacle in his art, as in his life, and he freely gave his best to the men on every deck of the ship. Not once did he lower the flag of his ideals in capitulation to a cheaper taste; never did he truckle to win an easy popularity.

Here is a group of poems he recited one evening:

Kipling: For All We Have and Are.

H. S. Hall: My Son Sets Out To-day for France.

Helen Gray Cone: A Song of Love.

Henry V to his Generals before Agincourt.

"Romance" by *Neil Munro*.

Mr. Sothern's theory as he expressed it to me was that men and women at this time are ready for the highest, finest, most ennobling expressions of the ideals of the race in literature and art. He does not propose to be inhumanly austere. He is anxious to find out what the boys want to hear and to give them what they like. But he does not intend to play the mountebank. He went once before to the Front at General Pershing's request, to study the problem of entertainment for the men, and he has found them responsive to the best. Some day, it is to be hoped, the annals of the war will be enriched by his own story of how he recited "Hamlet" to soldiers by candlelight while an air-raid was on, and comforted homesick dough-boys with poetry that found them where they lived. In all his répertoire there is no rôle that has fitted him better than that of Elder Brother to Americans at the Front.

Mr. Sothern didn't hesitate to climb between the ropes into the boxing-ring on shipboard with mouthfuls of such poetry as A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Who Lives in Suit of Armour Pent"—and his audience respected him the more because he illustrated the courage

of his convictions. He was determined to prove that the best is good enough for our boys—which is, in fact, a favorite theory among those at home whom they represent and are defending.

At the same time, it must be borne in mind that men who have been under the frightful strain of twentieth century warfare are surfeited with the tragic mood, and are not to blame if they demand a lighter vein and a frivolous humor by way of relief.

That is why, when they are in London, they go to the frothy, bubbly shows.

That is why they hilariously welcome Elsie Janis with her delightful merriment and mimicry. She has become the idol of the men at the front. Her kind of entertainment may always be sure of an uproarious reception.

The soldiers are very fond of their own home-made shows, and display an extraordinary resourcefulness in putting them together and pulling them off.

The "Y" man has a big task on the firing-line; he has a mighty work to do on shipboard also, in the upkeep of the morale. For it is on the sea-trail that the enlisted man is newest and rawest to the idea of going to France, and on the tossing waters his world is the strangest he has ever known. Especially is this the case of men from far inland, who may have thought that Sandy Hook was not a place, but a Scotchman, and that camouflage is a French kind of cheese.

In three days of our voyage the "Y" man had cir-



Photograph by Signal Corps, A. E. F.

A DEPTH BOMB

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culated a thousand books among the men below-decks. They had other libraries they were carrying with them to the fighting-edge in France.

The soldiers took kindly to a fiery one-armed preacher from Canada, who had lost a son in Flanders. "I'm going to take his place," the old man cried, waving his empty sleeve above his head. And they cheered him. His words flashed and were keen as a two-edged sword, and he would be a chaplain of the kind men willingly hear and heed.

Day by day one made discoveries in the rank-and-file aboard.

One of them had thrown away his crutches at the gang-plank and walked tediously with a cane, determined to be well. When he disembarked, he threw away the cane.

A private with a berth in the lowest depths of the vessel was said to be worth \$2,000,000 in his own right.

A band of one hundred and fifty privates from the University of Minnesota constituted a precious item of the cargo.

If you wanted to discuss Browning and Carlyle, a "real fellow" peeling potatoes in his detail to the Kitchen Police could meet you on the ground.

A young lieutenant made a mistake he learned to regret when—in default of better amusement—he taunted a member of the Sanitary Corps. "You're a lot of yellow dogs," he sneered. "Why don't you get into the fighting bunch?" The private bit his lip

and held his tongue, but the lieutenant's vituperation was reported, and he was severely taken to task by the commanding officer, as he deserved.

On the next to the last day of the voyage, after a shower, a rainbow threw over the path of our gallant ship a double archway, perfect in form, of dazzling splendors. Even our Sioux and New Mexicans were awed by the glorious spectacle, and the least susceptible among us received it as a gracious token of favor from on high.

"Rainbow Division," the name bestowed on those who went before us into France, seemed an apt designation for our own contingent as well.

When at last the circuitous voyage came to an end, and we anchored mid-stream, the British cruiser that brought us in gave us the touching welcome of the music of her band, while the men aboard her lined the decks to cheer and cheer again. The band was pounding out that irresistible American marching ditty "Over There." It brought the tears to one's eyes. Beside us a sister ship grandly swept in, and a regimental band on her decks was booming forth uproariously, "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here!" No one could truthfully controvert those brazen throats on the sweet evening air.

CHAPTER II

YANKEES AT KING GEORGE'S COURT

THE good ladies who "preside" all day long at the Information Bureau of the "Y" Hut at Aldwych in the Strand are on the firing-line for an infinite variety of questions.

The American soldier new to London is a walking interrogation, and he takes it for granted that the seasoned resident is a walking encyclopædia of answers.

Of course, the monetary system is Puzzle No. 1 that hits the arriving "Yank" between the eyes.

So the "Y" publishes a little card with the American, English and French equivalents in parallel columns. With the table goes this jingle:

"When you find yourself in England or in France,
With your dough it doesn't pay to take a chance.
Strangers like to 'do' a Yank
Out of shillings or a franc,
But this table shows you values at a glance."

Here are some of the questions asked at the counter. Take them home and try them over on your family:

"Who was the first King of England who had anything to do with Westminster Abbey?"

"Where is the Church of England?"

"Where was Charles Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop?"

(Many ask that question. The famous Shop is but a stone's throw distant.)

"Was Charles Dickens a Frenchman?"

"How do I get a marriage license?"

"Where is the Zoo?"

"Where is the Mormon Church?"

"How can I see the King?"

"Where can I get a *Saturday Evening Post*?"

(This is also a favorite question.)

"How far is it to Waterloo Station?" asked a Jewish lad.

"It's near by," was the answer. "Go down to the corner and cross the bridge. The 'bus will take you right there."

"How long would I need to walk?"

"Eight minutes."

"Well!" exclaimed the youth indignantly, "what for you tell me to take a 'bus and spend a penny when it only takes *eight* minutes to walk it, ain't it?"

King George and Queen Mary were "surprise" visitors one recent afternoon. They both had questions for Mrs. W. Shaffer Brown of Chicago, who is in charge of the Bureau. (The boys call her "Mother.")

Queen Mary inquired: "How many questions are you asked in the course of a week?"

"About eleven hundred, Your Majesty."

"Do you ever get any questions you can't answer?" asked the King.

"I live in hourly dread of being asked to spell a word I can't spell," answered Mrs. Brown.

The King laughed heartily.

Most of the Americans on leave want to know how to get to Scotland as quickly as possible.

"Just to think I'm in London!" says man after man. "Have to keep pinching myself. Never in my born days expected to find myself here."

"How was Westminster Abbey first thought of?" might have been a "poser." But there happened to be standing near the desk one of the volunteers who had made a special study of the Abbey, and she took particular pleasure in answering the question in detail. As soon as she had finished, the earnest seeker after knowledge repaired to the nearest writing-desk and wrote busily for half-an-hour, lest he forget what she had told him.

"More are sleeping within these walls than in any other church in the world," said a guide, who was doing his best to impress young America at the Abbey.

"We canned our preacher for putting 'em to sleep," was the soldier's answer.

While I was standing at the desk in the Eagle Hut, a man came up who showed that a troublesome conscience is not the monopoly of the genus Objector.

"How can I send this key back to the Wabash Avenue Y. M. C. A., Chicago?" he asked. "I stayed there a while before I sailed, and I forgot it."

Another man, finding that the lady in charge was from New York—he hailed from a village in the middle West—anxiously inquired if she knew a friend of his living in New York who rejoiced in the not unusual surname of Smith.

Here are some more questions, commonly asked:

"Where can I get a boat?"

"Where is Madame Tussaud's Waxworks Exhibition?"

"Where is my son in France?"

(This was asked by a trembling, eager old man, who would not be persuaded that the simple letters "A. E. F." constituted a sufficient address.)

"Where can I find an American dentist?" (A common query.)

"Please recommend a play."

"Please tell me how many stamps to put on this."

"Have you got any free tickets to anything?"

"Where are the American headquarters?"

And so on. The astute youth who got good English money for a \$20 Confederate bill didn't need to be told about the rates of exchange.

The "Y" hut comes close to being the center of the life of the American soldier or sailor in London.

"I don't know what in hell we'd do without it!" is the heartfelt tribute of one after another.

If you want to find somebody from your home town, go scribble your desire in the Autograph Album and await results.

In this well-thumbed confessional we find Eric Batensby of the 50th Canadians writing: "Once a wild cowboy, but now a well-broke gravel-crusher."

"Confidence in Each Other" is the contribution of another with the Anglo-Saxon Entente evidently preying on his generous mind.

A gentleman named Billings from Montana breaks into irrelevant ancient song:

"You may talk of a river than runs;
You may talk of the birds that sing;
But if you sit on a red-hot brick
It's a sign of an early spring."

One man has taken a new penny stamp and pasted it in the book, writing this legend across it: "Friendship! By Gum! it's stuck!"

"The One-Legged Champion Boxer of France. Heavy-weight" is the modest claim of another.

And, by the way, three men were carried in the other day on the backs of their pals. Both legs in each case were missing, and one had an arm off, too.

"Welcome to All from the Old Granite State," a New Hampshire enthusiast has inscribed.

A flying man passes on this "Advice to Young Pilots": "What Goes up must Come Down. Ascending. Descending. Crash! Ending! Ended!!!"

"Anyone acquainted, kindly a line," is an ingenuous appeal.

Private D. H. Lieberman of Duluth is moved to the sweetly solemn thought: "There is nothing good nor bad in this world but thinking makes it so."

An Australian sapper betrays the inspiration of John Bunyan's globe-girdling Pilgrim when he writes: "Now, Mr. Greatheart was a strong man."

P. M. Brown of Detroit is outspoken in his admiration. "The Best Place in all England;" but there follows a pensive inscription: "There is a Green Hill Far Away." One wonders just what eminence the homesick mountain-lover means.

Lieutenant John McCoy "will answer any correspondence from the Yonkers boys." Opposite a grotesque drawing of the Kaiser stands written, "Drunk as Usual."

"Thanks." "Thanks." "Thank You." Three grateful ones in succession thus express themselves.

Charles M. Blackford of Washington waxes truly eloquent. "Into the light and out again we go. We came weaving one of the scattered threads of many lands, many nations, many climes, weaving a tapestry of deeds sublime."

"Smile, blank it, smile!" is good advice for the downhearted.

"Girls, please write!" is the summation of another American soldier's philosophy: and he speaks for many.

"The deference and courtesy of these American



From Photograph by Photographic Section, French Army

AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING UP INTO THE LINE

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boys," said a high-born, middle-aged British woman working in the canteen, "has surprised and delighted me.

"I have never crossed the Atlantic. I never came in contact with Americans. In fact, I didn't care much about meeting them, to be perfectly frank. I had a silly notion I got from some books and papers that did not present them fairly.

"Now they speak for themselves. They delight me. I was what is called a 'lady of leisure.' This work has given me a new hold on life, a new interest in human nature. I love it and would not quit for anything.

"Of course it's tiring. Of course it takes it out of me. But the compensations are beyond all reckoning.

"There's nothing I enjoy more than watching your American sailor-boys dance. They dance so well. And it's so amusing—as well as admirable—to find them teaching others who never learned."

The men come in here to be ministered unto in every state of mind and body.

They get what they come for, too.

One poor fellow could talk pretty well day before yesterday, though acutely suffering from shell-shock. He cannot speak to-day, for in the interval the back-fire of a motor-car has deprived him of the power of speech by its sudden coughing and spitting reminder of the machine-guns of No Man's Land.

Sometimes big men break down and sob under an overpowering recollection.

One of the waitresses, Miss Harding, has garnered her experiences. A lonely American warrior wrote to her after leaving Blighty:

"Dear Friend:

"I am glad someone takes an interest in me. You certainly was quick with the meals. I have a mother and sister over there, so I expect mail from them soon, as I feel lonesome at times to write to somebody. I certainly do like your company, and would like to hear from you when you get time."

A man who had been celebrating woke up in his ninepenny "Y" cot the next morning and through the dark brown taste in his mouth and the bluish fog in his mind pensively remarked, "Can anybody tell me somethin' about me?"

A Canadian asked in the feeblest voice for a cup of coffee. He had been gassed. "The doctor says he can do nothing for me." In the same low, struggling tone he told of seeing his Sergeant crucified by the Germans.

An Australian of a Sunday morning had been to Communion at the little church of St. Mary-le-Strand just outside, which so many American visitors to London well remember. Coming in for a meal afterwards, he quoted Milton—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"I don't stand and wait," answered Miss Harding promptly. "I rush about and wait."

A New Zealand lad, who has been wounded a fifth

time and has lost his father, two brothers and a sister (at a dressing-station) in the War, gave her his silver-and-ebony crucifix as the best and most beautiful possession he could bestow.

Mrs. Gleason, young and pretty, is the House Mother. She sits in a corner where a sign reads:

Do you need a Button Sewed On or any Mend-
ing Done? If so, the Lady in This
Room will Gladly Do it For
You, Free of Charge.

She writes letters to a long, long correspondence list of men who have come and gone. They are letters personal to him who receives them, not colorless and perfunctory.

"A sailor likes to get a letter when he comes to port," she says.

"It's fun to talk to a girl who can savvy United States," remarks a man, who perhaps, by the distance from home, has a rent in his heart exceeding that in his garments.

That's the best thing about all this stitchery: there are generally two kinds of repair-work going on at the same time.

Some of the men feel lost—adrift from their moorings—derelicts. They want before all things—before the hot coffee or the soft blankets—the comfort of

a confidante, with whom they may commune of all that is in their hearts.

That comfort they find at the Eagle Hut.

Some men come in without a cent. They have been robbed: the world passed by on the other side, and the "Y" plays the good Samaritan. They have nowhere else to stay.

Some are "blue" because they were promised what they didn't get—or a dream did not come true and they woke to a bitter disillusion. They came out from the New World to discover the Old, aglow with faith and patriotism, and the holy passion evaporated, somewhere between the cold-storage rabbit from Australia in a British camp and the permeating mud of Flanders. They are down-hearted and they need to be cheered up. There's no end to that task—peculiarly the task of women. Seven hundred women are serving at the Hut—the finest to whom America and England can point.

A few of these boys—a very small percentage—come in drunk and ashamed. Mr. La Haye (husband of Adela Verne, the noted pianist)—called "Daddy" by his charges—put them away quietly in the four cots of the "Poet's Corner," where they may come to in seclusion and not disturb the sleeping peace of the dormitories.

A poor lad comes in, whom some detestable creature plied with absinthe. It was sweet—it tasted good—he was ignorant of its baleful effects. In ten minutes he is in bed, and a string trio is playing the Bach-

Gounod "Ave Maria" in the auditorium on the other side of the wall to a throng in khaki that knows nothing of his downfall.

Anyone who depicts the intoxicated man as a common phenomenon in these precincts, is not merely a libeler but a liar. The vast majority acquit themselves, at all times, like the gentlemen they are.

"This is what I'm fighting for," says a man, whose eyes are wistful, as he sidles up to the counter where gum-drops and chocolates are sold. He pulls out from a pocket over his heart the picture of his wife and the "kiddies." He does not need to be told that this war isn't a grinding process of attrition between the millstones of the gods. He knows that the grist that is there abraded and pulverized is the stuff of which the Lord has made the hearts of men.

This man from Worcester, Massachusetts, has a specimen of rosy, chubby babyhood he wants to put on view for sympathetic eyes.

"My wife takes him out every day," he explains, "and she's been giving him ice-cream soda. She's sorry now, because he got so he'd stamp his foot and cry when he couldn't have it. At last she had to get the corner policeman to tell him that if he took more than one, just one, a day he'd—run him in!"

A sturdy sailor sought out Mrs. Gleason a surprising number of times to get a button put on. Finally, he came regularly twice a day. It was the same button. At last he confessed that he had been cutting it off so that he might have an excuse to come back again.

Some men bring gifts of flowers or cheese to show their gratitude.

Mr. McIntyre, the Social Secretary, tells the story of an officer who was one of a contingent of 68 British soldiers, called on to make the transit of London at midnight, between Euston Station and Charing Cross. The "Y" was asked if it would speed them on their way with coffee, food and rest, and, as in all such cases, permission over the telephone was instantly given. The officer in question had landed on one coast (it is better not to say where) and was speeding toward the other, where his wife awaited him. He had not seen her for eighteen months. One of those cruel telegrams intercepted him and ordered him to meet the aforesaid contingent at Euston Station. So he telegraphed his wife to come to him there. She came. Then, by permission of his commanding officer, he marched close to the curbstone and she trotted along beside him, talking to him all the way. They reached the Eagle Hut at one. The officer begged the Secretary to let his wife sit down to the midnight repast with him. It would be their last chance to see each other for ever so long. Inflexible military rules forbade, though the Secretary's compassionate inclinations were all in favor of the petitioner. Two o'clock was the hour set for departure, and the precious minutes were slipping away. Finally the Secretary said, "Get your commander's permission to absent yourself from your contingent, and you and your wife may have your supper in my office." The

permission was secured. Two, for one precious farewell hour were happy—as happy as they could be in the shadow of impending separation. A contingent of British soldiers got off the train by mistake nine miles from their London terminal. They walked all the way to the Hut, arriving at 2 A. M. One of them, an Australian, said when he saw the neat white cots prepared for them: "This is just the dream I had the other night of Heaven."

Through all the quick current of life as it eddies in at the front door and out at the back, are glints of the shining glory of men who do not know they are heroes and blush to be told it.

"You were here two weeks ago, weren't you?" a fellow in the blue of the hospital garb is asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"Been gassed, sir. Got a bit of shrapnel. Been in hospital. Got out. Going back again."

That is the whole of the story you get from him, except the admission that he is over military age.

Here is a mere lad, with three service stripes, representing a year apiece, and four gold bars of wounds.

"You one of the Americans serving with the Canadian forces?"

"Yes, sir. I crossed the river at Detroit. I've had three birthdays in the service and now I'm twenty."

"Going home?"

"Not yet, sir. I'm returning to the Front in about

two weeks. I want just one more whack at the Boches."

Some of them admit they are "fed up" and they want to go home. But theirs is the minority vote.

A stalwart boy from Alaska "signed on" for the War at Christmastide of 1914, and tramped on snowshoes a hundred miles, ere he found a dog team to take him out. He left two paying silver-mines behind him. Why didn't he start sooner? He started the minute he knew there was a war. The tidings had taken nearly four months to reach him. "I thought it was a damned shame," was his comment, "that they hadn't let me know before."

An American who went from the Hut to the front wearing a South African uniform returned four years later in hospital blue, on crutches. "Since I left you," he reported, "I've been burnt with liquid fire, gassed, buried alive. Our company is to have a V.C. When the vote was cast, we all went plunk for our captain. Best chap that ever lived. . . . Now I'm going to have a piece of shrapnel taken out of my leg."

Though this is an American hut, it ministers freely to all comers. An impressive sight it is to find the steel helmets and rifles and other piled accouterments of a company of gallant Yorkshiresmen piled outside the door of the auditorium, where Bishop Anderson (Methodist) of Ohio, is talking to the men after the soothing music of stringed instruments and a man who sang beautifully and was arrayed in faultless evening dress. Then the boys from the north—who



From Photograph by Photographic Section, French Army
MOVING DAY

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never saw London before in some cases—shoulder their packs and go whistling and singing into the night, bound for the railway and for France, with girls—good girls—throwing kisses and patting their sleeves as they swing caroling and chaffing into the smoky vault of the trainshed. Seventeen and nineteen some of these boys are—nor does this mean that England is robbing the cradle to fill her Army.

A lodging for the night at the Eagle Hut costs ninepence. A room at an hotel would cost six or eight shillings, or more. The man in uniform, whose pay-day looks as far off to him as the millennium, breathes more easily the moment he has crossed the threshold of the Hut.

Whether he wears on his collar the twining serpents of the medical service or the crossed flags of the Signal Corps or the insignia of artillery, infantry or engineers, he won't be many minutes at the writing-table or the soda-fountain or the news-stand before he is rubbing elbows and swapping experiences with a man from home and finding how small the world is. Two brothers who hadn't met for fifteen years, found each other when one of them registered for a bed and the other discovered his name.

If you want to get a comprehensive idea of the way our men are piling into England on their way to France, from all parts of the United States, go and have a look at the little flags pinned on the map that P. F. Storrs of Grand Rapids, Michigan, put up on a western wall of the Hut. Some of the Atlantic sea-

board States are so crowded with the flags that it's hardly possible to add another.

As you look at the map, bear in mind that most of the men who go Over There are landed not in England but in France. London has a chance to cheer only a fraction of the mighty host arriving Over There. A great many of the men whose names are on the flags are in London on leave from the Front, and some are patients in hospitals near at hand.

A study of the localities represented on the map is worth while, and men are always gathered round it thick as bees.

The sign reads:

Have you Flagged the Home Town? Americans in U. S. uniform please sign and pin OLD GLORY in the "Home Town."
If in British uniform, use the British Flag. Canadians please use British Flag. Free Flags at Information Bureau.

The flags are densely massed through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Wyoming happens to be nearly vacant. There is a thick cluster in California. There are two representatives of the Yukon territory. Perhaps the area of greatest density is in Pennsylvania.

At a camp "somewhere in England" through which our men passed on their way from the landing-place

to a Channel port, it was Plattsburg or Hancock or Meade or Funston or Bowie, or any one of the list of our camps in the United States, all over again. The men clambered off the trains in their thousands and fell into line and swung with a steady, swishing tramp along the wood-block pavement of the ancient town, as if they had been at home in England always, and the townsfolk looked up from their carts and their sidewalk chattels with shining faces and sententious praise to greet them, though the sight by now is part of the accepted order, like an airship overhead, and there is no overt demonstration.

Major-General John Biddle, commanding our troops in England, had given me at the American Military Headquarters in London, the requisite introduction to the commanding officer at the camp.

I had last had the pleasure of meeting General Biddle in France in the fall of 1917, while he was reviewing some of the first of our troops to arrive on the scene.

I shall not forget that meeting. The Boches were dumping shells on a village at the bottom of the hill. The parade-ground was steep as a house roof, torn by rain-gullies, treeless, and stony. There was a small village of army tents, but there had not been time to dig trenches. Some of the officers lived in packing-box houses. The soldiers were learning how to throw off the steel helmet and adjust the gas-mask in four seconds against the gases that kill at six miles and injure at twelve.

Now, in his London office, General Biddle had the same air of cool and serene decision. There was a suggestion of grim concentration on the task in hand in the very way he gripped his cigar in his teeth. He was evidently bound to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run," but there was no lost motion, there was no fever or flurry. In and out of the sparsely-furnished room his aides passed, carrying out his orders in a brisk, smart fashion that pleased an American and gave him an excellent impression of the way the American headquarters in England, without red tape, shorn of fuss and feathers, is putting through the business of landing troops in France as quickly as possible in the largest possible numbers. English grass is given little time to grow beneath America's war-footing.

The officer of the day who took me about the camp on a motor-cycle has eleven miles of sentries to supervise.

There is no drill here, but there are 8-mile "hikes" each day to keep the men fit. They have war-gardens of hardy vegetables, such as cabbages and beets. Their diet has been largely the British ration, in which our men good-humoredly find too large a preponderance of cheese, bread, jam and mutton. At one of the Aviation camps not run by Americans, our men were dismayed to discover that they were expected to consume large quantities of cold-storage rabbits from Australia whose crates bore the date 1906. The heads and some of the entrails were served therewith.

"Eat these or go to hell!" said the orderly. A sergeant to whom complaint was made saw the Adjutant and there was a change for the better.

Eternal vigilance behind and at the front is needed to put good, nourishing food into the bodies of fighting men and frustrate the profiteer.

Any steamship company that accepts 75 cents a day or any other sum to feed men and then tricks them out of the nourishment to which they are entitled should be penalized to the limit of the law.

The first sentry I met was to be married to an English girl in four weeks.

"Are there many of you fellows who are going to do likewise?" I asked. "Thousands!" he answered, emphatically.

Baseball will have a large part in the maneuvers of Cupid, according to my friend "Jack" Coombe, who has brought teams to play in many towns and villages where the sport had not appeared. According to him, the girls get interested in the game because they like the frank and high-spirited Americans who play it, and then they bring their families to witness the contests. When I met Mr. Coombe, he was buying baseball equipment for Americans with a fund of \$150 which British officers had given him for the purpose.

On the day of my visit, thousands of American troops were arriving at the camp.

"Better have a cot put in your office," the Adjutant was telephoning to the man in charge of the accom-

modation of the fresh arrivals. "This is an all-night job. It means a 24-hour day for us," he explained, as he turned to me. "But it's all right. The only thing that counts is to get them over there!"

The officer of the day, who happened also to be chief of police and mail censor, was much in earnest on the subject of letters from home.

"Tell them," he said, "to omit the sob-stuff and the hard-luck story. Sometimes a man gets a letter like that and by the time it comes the tough situation at home has entirely changed. The fellows here don't pull a long face. They're merry as grigs. For instance, they were told they could say what they pleased about the 'Tuscania's' sinking. One of them wrote, 'We had a fine trip across, but the boat sank.' That was all. That's the spirit.

"No, let the people at home write and tell 'em what folks are saying about 'em. They want letters just as personal as possible—all about the least little things they know and care for. And they want to know that Mary and Sally, Tom and Dick, the minister and the barber and the postmaster think better of 'em for going and wish 'em Godspeed and are praying for 'em. That's the kind of letter that stands 'em up and puts the pep into 'em. The letters they write back home are curiously the same. All aching to get at the Hun. All brimming and bristling with patriotism. All wanting to finish the job and go back when it's through—but you can bet your bottom dollar they mean this to be a finish fight and they

don't want to go back till it's over, and all over, and forevermore!"

Some of the men don't get the work they expected.

"This construction work ain't hard," quoth one, facetiously, who "signed on" for a regular soldier. "Just walk up and take your pick."

Another who set out to be an aviator said the first general orders he got were these:

"The machines will be picks and shovels. The uniforms will be dungarees."

A third thought he had made "his calling and election sure" as a bandsman. Somebody who saw him digging a ditch in the hot sun asked:

"Who are you?"

"I'm in the band."

"What do you play?"

"Pickle-o, shovel-o, any old tool-e-o."

The American at war is not caviling at his occupation. He is doing anything that he is called upon to do that will help to win the war.

Dr. Ivor Robertson drew the attention of a London congregation to a fact that illustrates the admirable discipline of our troops marching through London. They were passing Westminster Abbey, to the number of several thousand. Most of them had never seen the famous edifice, and they must have been anxious at least to give it a glance as they passed by. But not a man turned his head. Eyes front, chins up, in perfect alignment, they marched steadily forward, seeming to the speaker to give proof of a single-minded,

whole-hearted devotion to the object of their coming.

In the "Weekly Dispatch" of London there appeared an injunction that will not fall on deaf ears in Great Britain, where every day there are new efforts wakening to show the American in uniform how welcome a guest he is in the old home of the stock from which he chiefly springs. "If you see an American soldier in the train, make yourself his friend. He is your friend already. If you see a lonely American soldier in the street, prove that you and he are kinsmen, allies again after many years of misunderstanding. You know what he is doing for civilization. But you do not always realize that he has come from 3000 to 7000 miles to do it. He might want a friend to talk to. Ours was the home he went from. Make him remember he has come back to it."

CHAPTER III

A HOUSEBOAT ON THE THAMES: AN INTERLUDE

ON a quiet reach of the Thames my friend's houseboat is tethered to two posts—as if it never meant to go away. Just above the mooring place the old, gnarled Charon who for a penny plies his trade has dug up ancient British poetry and Roman spearheads in the eel-nursing mud. But we did not now require his professional service, for across the river to meet us came like a shaft of light his amateur rival. ("Rival," of course, if you run the word back to its origin, means one who dwells on the bank of a stream.) She was a girl with hair of burnished gold, bobbed and filleted, who bent manwise to the oars, in her yellow sweater and white skirt, a naiad of the rushes who seemed to have risen out of the stream, its own authentic spirit.

The houseboat itself, white-painted, held aloft under its striped canopy and over soft red rugs a hanging garden of geranium baskets, with vines whose tendrils delicately wavered on the soft whisper of the breeze. A clutter of canoes and punts gently fretted the floating platform below, as though upon a river of Cathay. In the living room, radiant with violets

and roses and geraniums, the filmy snow of the curtains was parted by a fireplace, and over it a clock restored the sense of time that elsewhere was pleasantly absent, or negligible at least.

Two railed gangways led ashore—and no sooner had I put my modest luggage aboard than to the shore we went, to find the golf links close at hand, where the fat sheep grazed. A young and debonair Englishman met us there, and I learned to my surprise that he was accidental. He was a flying man, and something wrong with the engine compelled him to volplane down to a paddock next to the golf course. " 'Tis an ill wind that has blown me good," I thought, as I shook hands with this Brushwood boy angel unawares.

The larks were singing, and I paused often with cleek or lofter in midair to hear the sound. I think I care more for George Meredith's "Lark Ascending" than I do for Shelley's "unpremeditated" singer, but if I had to choose between them I would take them both. Such overflowing billfuls of ecstasy, from such a little bird! And he presently went off (it seemed) in company with a disreputable troupe of sparrowhawks, singing to them still, as an opera tenor might chant for a company of songless tramps. Can it be that an English links, with Paul Potter cattle and Daubigny pools and willows round about, ever hears a harsh word over a golf ball sliced or stymied or in obstinate hiding?

Above us airplanes purred and were vigilant un-

ceasingly. And in my heart I blessed them, and with my hand I waved them greetings that I hope they saw. In a single group on the way to the links I had beheld seven captive "sausage" balloons—as though a benevolent constitutional monarchy had sent all these things that a plain American might have an afternoon of sport. What close neighbors are the implements of war and of peace in the Old World to-day!

I had played golf a little, seventeen years before. My score for the nine holes on the present occasion was 9, 10, 10, 8, 12, 6, 9, 8, 14. But that includes the glorious daylight-losing skies, the wafted music of a band on the river, soothing wounded South African soldiers on a little steamer, the ivied spire of the village church, the startled sheep when the ball whizzed by them (for sometimes I did not get it over their heads without hitting them. Fleece is a kind of armor). I drove with anything and putted with whatever was left. I do not name all the clubs I used, for I am not quite sure of the spelling. The ball, at two shillings and sixpence, was too precious to lose. The main thing in selecting a club was to remember the war price of a ton of hay (for the sheep couldn't eat it all), and not hurt it more than one could help in passing through.

We walked back to the boat, through a garden plot brimming with blue violets, and there was a tiny cemetery with more violets in a glass on the grave of a cygnet, born the day before.

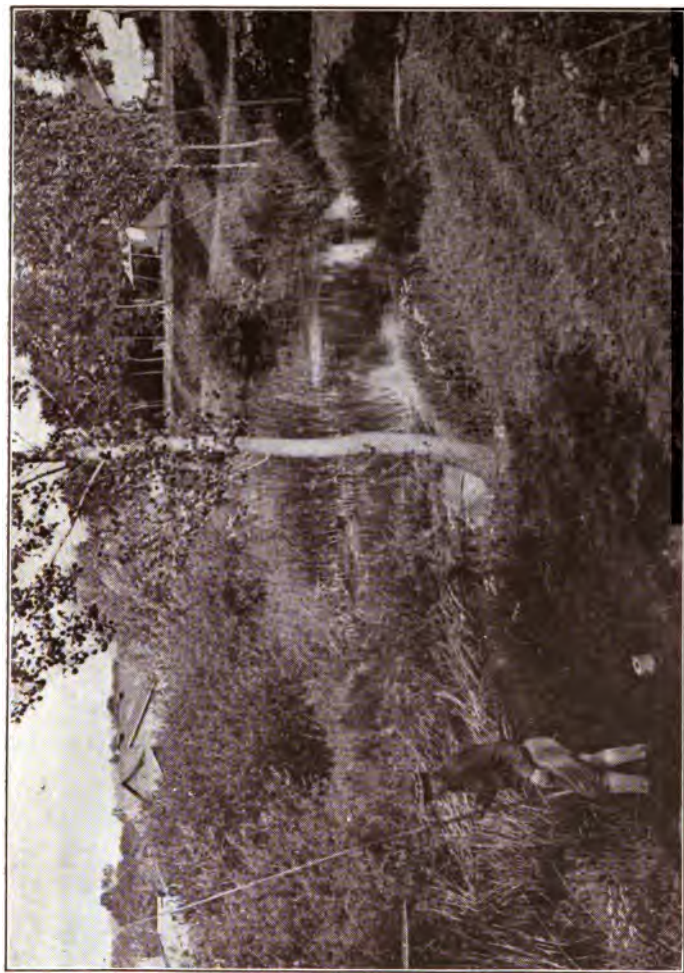
Then we met the mother bird, the murderess. In

stately circles she was swimming round the boat, a swan more lovely to look upon than any that bore Lohengrin and heard his tributary song.

The day before four cygnets were hatched out. Three of them were with her now—the fourth, she had decided, and with unruffled calm I doubt not, was one too many. So she had slain it. Tranquilly enough the bereaved family was taking its outing—so soon after the funeral!

Father was the advance guard, like a cruiser bringing in a transport ship and lesser craft. Two gray fluffy balls were on the mother's back, in a warm cradle deep and soft between her wings. They arched and stretched their necks as they saw her doing, and took in all the view, and peered over the side with a remarkable air of detachment at their small brother paddling desperately to keep up with the procession, with his day-old wings and feet like those of the Platypus that you may see in a Strand window devoted to New South Wales.

Father did more than circle about and pride himself. When the young and foolish dog attached—if one may say so—to the boat started to swim the river to look for rats a-plenty in the farther bank the male swan would steer down upon the snuffing head as ruthlessly as Horatio Lord Nelson on the track of a French frigate, and if a rescue party did not at once pole shoutingly to his salvation in a punt it went hard with the furred swimmer in battle with the feathered, who from his superior height had some-



From Photograph by Photographic Section, French Army

A QUIET INTERLUDE

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thing of the advantage of mounted policeman over a pedestrian.

Suddenly Mother Swan swished her head about and said something in a hissing undertone to the indiscernible ear of one of the gray fluffs—for out it sprawled from its snug shelter and into the darkling Thames it tumbled on its back. Quick as a midge it righted itself. Here was a fine chance for little paddling brother to get aboard—but alas! though he could swim better than the sturdy British schoolboys round the bend, he could not climb, and so he cuddled in the lee of his mother like a tug that noses a lordly ocean liner.

In the performance of these darling little web-footed water-babies using their mother for an excursion steamer as audaciously as a land baby rides “pick-a-back” in the nursery, there was a ludicrous resemblance to the holiday trippers who were overcrowding the small but ambitious river steamers from lock to lock. But the swan’s babies, trying to make a neck like mother’s, were undulant as serpents and restless as weathercocks, in their curiosity, whereas ’Arry and ’Arriet often sat with their backs to the river oblivious to everything but love’s young dream.

As the rose-flush of the sky paled to lime-yellow on the way to the few short hours of night, the family sat down to dinner, and there the cook, a dignified parishioner, had fixed for me—the gentleman from America—a great bowl of geranium petals, blue corn-flowers and white carnations.

"Are you sure," she had asked her mistress anxiously, "that these are just the colors of his country? I would like so much to please him. You see we owe so much to America!"

CHAPTER IV

BASTILLE DAY—PARIS

SOME things in Paris—such as the Louvre, the Grand Palais, the towers of Notre Dame—may be closed to the American within the Portes, but not the heart and hand of the Parisian and Parisienne.

Did Atlantic City's world-famous Boardwalk at Easter ever think it was crowded? It should have had a look at the Rue Royale from the Madeleine to the Place de la Concorde this morning.

That was where the marching battalions of the fighting men of the Allied nations swung into the homestretch of their magnificent parade, which began at 9 o'clock at the Porte Dauphine on the Avenue du Bois.

It was no ordinary procession. France numbers her dead in the war not by hundreds nor by thousands, but by nearly 2,000,000. Paris, contemptuous of dropping bombs and Busy Berthas, hides her grief under flags and cheers and flowers; but Paris does not forget.

The grand procession was, therefore, no thoughtless holiday spectacle. It was the outward visible and audible manifestation of the very soul of France at war—the soul dauntless and indomitable, the soul that

is not read by him who runs amid the cafés, the kiosks and boulevards, ogling the women.

There were slenderly fenced inclosures on either side of the Avenue du Bois at the starting point of the procession. Paris was not flinging away wood on the erection of grandstands and there was nothing to support what in America we style a "grandstand play" about this demonstration. President Poincaré, Premier Clemenceau, Marshal Joffre, their entourage of silk-hatted diplomats and decorated generals had chairs; but the note of display was missing in favor of republican simplicity. None had a point of vantage above the level of the rest; to flaunt a pass meant merely admission to one of the fourteen lettered paddocks and tiptoe room upon the gravel.

Along the entire route of the procession the house fronts were crowded to the chimney-pots under grouped ensigns of the civilized nations of the earth. The crowd stood patient under rain or cloud. The sun was not once seen while the procession lasted, but the gray day seemed befitting to the solemn mood and the dun hues of the men in blue or in khaki, all of whom had been through the fiery furnace, as their faces said to you.

First came the Frenchmen—the heroic poilus, with a band of bearded and grizzled musicians, whose trumpets, as they flourished them to their lips for the first note, struck a golden flash across the gray billows of the sky. I never realized before what a "flourish" of trumpets means.

There were no fledglings among these musicians, no little drummer lads, like Lew and Jakey in Kipling's story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," or our own juvenile music-makers of the Civil War. The youths of France are fighting.

The murmur of the crowd became articulate.

"Vivent les poilus!" roared along the line of march, running ahead of the steady swishing tramp of the seasoned warriors as a forest fire runs among the leaves. Over the steel casques and the faded blue they carried at a quickstep their bristling bayonets—verily, if France is "bled white" these men directly from the trenches did not show it. No sign was here that the stuff of their dispositions was worn threadbare, and by the time they reached the Tuileries they were themselves a walking garden of flowers, with the posies thrown upon them in a pelting rain of white and red. Whenever the flag went by, the colors that were beside me dipped in salutation, and every man removed his hat—it mattered not how frequently.

Next came our own Americans.

They marched like men who have had their baptism of fire—men who have been tried and were not found wanting. I felt the "Star Spangled Banner" in my right shoulderblade, "Dixie" in my left and "America" all up and down my backbone.

Such stern-set faces! Not a man was smiling—not a man looked to right or left. The mouths were level as the edge of a ruler. If ever I saw the auto-

graph of an inflexible determination, it was written in these firm and resolute countenances of men with a charge to keep, a trust to which they will be true.

They showed their training. These were not amateurs. They were men of a seasoned hardihood. They were men who had gone over the top and seen their pals fall beside them, and made good against the Boche. They did not carry bayonets. But they looked pre-eminently businesslike, undecorative and solidly irresistible.

Not a hint of the screaming eagle was here, not a trace of the "we'll-show-you" attitude, not a sign of anything but cool and clear decision, of pre-eminent physical fitness, of the health of men who took care of themselves in cities, if they did not come from the windward side of the continent.

Oregon shouldered the Dakotas, New Mexico and Idaho marched cheek by jowl, and man after man surely pinches himself now and then to see if he will not suddenly wake in Maine or Pennsylvania or southern California, out of the poplar trees, the entwining children, the pretty blandishments and the grammar and the coinage of France.

The crowd was alert as chanticleer of a morning to salute them. The high-pitched feminine voices, one could not fail to notice, fell away in the soft cadence of a sort of pitying affection—

"But how young they are!"

"They march so well!"

"Are they not fresh and filled with the bon esprit?"

"Vivent les Americains! Vive l'Amérique!"

"One would have thought them veterans of many wars."

"Their gait is supple and free! They march like the Indians through the forests when they hunt the buffalo."

"Sorrowful is the Boche to meet such as these. He cannot stand against them."

"Look at their faces, Yvonne! They smile not. Truly they know it is not carnival."

Then came the Belgians, and the air shook as though with heat vibrations and thrilled with vital electricity. Whatever wrong was done to Belgium was done also to France. Three thousand miles away a war might be cold print: here its history is written in the blood of men's veins on the white parchment of their faces. Liège, Mons, Charleroi, Ypres, Dixmude, Passchendaele in the flesh went marching by. The answer of King Albert to the Kaiser came to life. The chivalry of France—sensitive forever to the cry of a small beleaguered nation—leapt into flame against the first infamy of 1914 in Belgium, and that flame, on the altar of a holy wrath, will not die down till Belgium is reinstated in her own once more.

The British followed and enthusiasm sprang afresh, as when salt is thrown in fire. The bandmaster of the Tommies had a taking way with his baton, and every button shone, for the British army knows full well what polished brasses have to do with the morale

maintained! Grandly blareful was their music of the "British Grenadiers" and the old, fine tunes, particularly when the re-echoing walls of the solid façades took the place of boulevard and faubourg and reined it in. The British marched eyes right, meticulous and smart as new-minted coins. You might have thought, but for their exactly measured tread, that these men had been four days and not four years at war.

"Vivent les Anglais—et vive l'Angleterre!"

"Vivent," too, "les Ecossais!" with the waggle of the kilt. "Hurrah for Scotland!" cries a voice that could not be mistaken for anything but French.

Then come, exuberantly greeted, the Greeks, the Italians with rifles vertical at their backs and their mitrailleuses—are not these the "brave gens" who move the Alps themselves out of the way to get at those abominable *Autriches*? At the end of the march each mitrailleuse had in its throat a handful of red, red roses. Then Poland, in light blue, carrying—heads bared, all!—a flag of her own; the Portuguese with their "tres chic" black mustaches, bless the dears; the glorious Serbs, marching like clockwork, some of whom have been fighting since they were five years old, and all of them sharing the thorny crown of Serbia's martyrdom and carrying with bleeding feet her cross. These who come next are the Czechs and the Slovaks (you saw some of their blood-brethren amid the cohorts of America), and they bear proudly a new flag given them by the city of Paris through the hand of President Poincaré.

Here, again—all hail!—are poilus; and like a black thundercloud of awful menace, as they must seem to the Germans, come those goodhearted humorists and terrible fighters, the Senegalese, veterans of the Somme and of Verdun, of Gallipoli and of Salonica. "Papa" Joffre is their father, too; he salutes them with an ultra-paternal tenderness.

It is not on record that Germany in Africa imputed a soul to a black man. France and England have done differently.

And now—the sailors! Long live every mother's son or brother or sweetheart of them all! Long live the fleet with the thousand miles of the five "arrondissements maritimes" to think of, as well as the far reaches of the sea and the devildoms under the sea! At last the dragoons and cuirassiers, with swords drawn and rifles swung over shoulder. "Allons, cest fini! Descendons!" But wait a moment. President Poincaré and Premier Clemenceau—courageous and sturdy bulwarks of the State, oaks firmly rooted against the storms of dissident faction "pour la patrie"—are getting into their carriage behind solemn black artillery horses. Joffre, in a closed taxi, is engulfed all the way down the avenue in a delirious mob of those who long to touch even the hem of the pale blue tunic of their beaming idol—though the man at the wheel brandishes one hand or the other in a vain appeal to the mob to make way for him. Happy Joffre, to stand in the sundown of his years full in the glow of the eternal sunrise of liberty over the Marne, when

he gave orders that each unit was to "die where it stands rather than fall back!"

And so back to the palpitating heart of the city, to the siphon-covered, garrulous sidewalk tables, to the vendors of licorice-water and strips of strawboard cakes, to the man with his little forlorn troupe of two violins and guitar, who teaches a crowd to sing his "Chant de Retour" and then sells them copies; to the Carmen of fifty-five winters who sings in a cracked and faded voice to indifference with rouge on her lips and furs and a jaunty toque and heels of the highest. Was she once young and fair as these? The snows of yesteryear descended on Montmartre and the chill breezes blew, and now—c'est la guerre!

CHAPTER V

ACROSS FRANCE BY THE "ATTABOY SPECIAL"

THE "Atterbury Special," named for our American Director General of Transportation, has been nicknamed by our men the "Attaboy Special." Under all-American auspices it connects the base ports with our front in eastern France, using French cars hauled by a French locomotive. There are American negro porters in the uniform of sergeants.

The seven doughboys who shared my compartment with me had traveled the whole night before, sitting upright or composing themselves to rest as best they might on their infantry packs along the corridor. But they were chipper as field-mice and fresh as daisies. They congratulated themselves that they did not have to travel in one of the French box-cars marked "8 horses—40 men" such as they had endured for three days after landing.

The subjects of "Eats" was a favorite. Do you think the talk was all "kick"? Assuredly it was not. Before long they brought out a new sort of army hardtack—much softer and more palatable than the traditional kind.

"Bully good crackers!" they said. "Try one."

An expert in high explosives produced a tin of jam—a big one—for which he had paid two francs and a half.

I didn't want to deprive them of any part of their provender, but they generously insisted.

"Eats are 99 per cent of the game," said one as he licked his fingers and rubbed them surreptitiously on his O. D. shirt.

"You know what Americans are. You know how they love to eat. Chief indoor sport, winter and summer.

"When you get out in the field it means ten times as much.

"Starve a soldier and you get him grouchy. Don't think I'm complaining. I'm not. Our commissary is doing first-rate.

"But it's simply a question of putting fuel under the boilers. A man can't properly do his work on an empty stomach.

"It's a curious thing, but when you get a group of soldiers who haven't had enough to eat you'll find them losing their tempers and picking quarrels with one another at the drop of the hat.

"Things that didn't amount to anything before look big when you're empty. When men are hungry they're just like animals that haven't been fed. They get rambunctious.

"I don't ask for a better meal than bully beef, bread and coffee. The Americans call the corned beef either canned bully or canned Willy.

"They sure did give us queer stuff to eat on the boat coming over. We never saw an apple or an orange. The canteen (not run by Americans) gave out after three days, and there was no way of varying the fare.

"Lots of marmalade. We didn't mind that. But the coffee! I think they dragged one bean on a string through the hot water until the bean wore out."

In the hospital at the next town were Detroit doctors and nurses, headed by Lt.-Col. McLean, a most skillful surgeon. Sergeant Hayden, formerly city editor of the Detroit Free Press, showed me about.

Two hundred and fifty men had just been brought in from the fierce fighting round Château-Thierry and at Châlons-sur-Marne. Every one I talked with—and I talked with many—sang the same blithe tune and was eager to go back and get back at the Boche. One man described a dastardly practice of the enemy of which I had heard. The Prussian Guards opposite him had donned the French uniform. The Americans were in the second line. The French in the first line—and they were not in the least to blame—waved to the dissembling Huns to come on. Then the French and the Americans were disillusioned.

The Germans wore Red Cross uniforms during the fight. They carried machine-guns on stretchers, wrapped in blankets, as if these were wounded men. They raised their hands with grenades in them while continuing to declaim "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

One soldier desecrating the grenade roared "Kamerad

hell!" and fired, and the Hun fell before he could carry out his diabolical scheme.

In the operating room and a room for surgical dressings there was manifest the same eager desire to go to the Front again. The only incurable contagion in the hospital was high-heartedness. A black man from Texas said to me: "If I could I'd get up out of this bed just as I am, and go back to the front this minute like a ghost with the sheets around me! That's what we came here for—to fight, and that's what we're going to do!" One man said "Please come back again soon. You're the first civilian I've seen in nine months." But he did not say it dolefully.

CAMOUFLAGE FOR WOMEN

I went from this hospital to a camouflage camp, a curious and engrossing place, doing most remarkable work that taxes mechanical ingenuity and the inventive faculty, and by no means merely the artistic sense.

A group of about five hundred French women wove strips of burlap painted green in and out of the meshes of chicken-wire by the kilometer. The burlap was first slashed into strips by wicked-looking carving-knives in the hands of other women. Then it was dipped, by girls, into barrels of green paint. It was put through the meshes while still moist, for if the operators wait until it is dry it is much more likely to abrade the skin.

They sang and joked at their work—and it certainly was work, of the heaviest kind. They started at 7.30 in the morning and labored until 6 with an hour and a half for lunch. In the luncheon interval they could buy for two or three cents soup and bread at a stand arranged by the Y. M. C. A., which elsewhere had a hut for the men. The Red Cross had arranged a charming crèche, decorated with gay mural paintings, where the women with children could leave their babies in safety while they toiled.

Camouflage for women? That is a question that is of present concern to many in America.

The woman's part at this plant was that of uncompromising drudgery, cheerfully carried through by those who earned every sou of their pay.

No doubt the American woman is able to work at a task that calls on her to plunge her arms elbow-deep in vats of green paint, or haul about large bundles of netting—wire or string—but let her ask herself thoughtfully whether this sort of work is better worth her while than another.

The veil must be drawn over various ingenious devices for fooling the enemy that are exhibited here. If more realistic trees are made in Germany I have yet to see them. There are rows of the most lifelike steel-helmeted heads, and observation posts that defy detection even at close range. The painting of such objects as these calls for the services of artisans, not artists, and the original designs once created and the original models prepared it becomes henceforward

merely a stereotyped problem of quantitative supply.

For the mechanics, there is such work as that of bending ordinary steel plates into paint vats and rush the strips of burlap through the vats as fast as printing-presses throw off newspapers. There are drills and lathes for the work in steel and iron, and though women might do this work it is not what is ordinarily understood by the gentle art of camouflage.

It might be asked: "Is not camouflage useful on buildings likely to be bombed?" To which the answer is that bombing is generally done at night when the camouflage is useless.

Camouflage on gun-carriages and tanks is of material assistance, but in the case of the tanks especially so much mud quickly accumulates as to conceal the paint.

The work of installing the deceptive objects at the front line trenches is a perilous enterprise to which several members of the staff have sacrificed their lives. This is an undertaking in which the women cannot be permitted to have a part.

Nobody wants to throw cold water that shall temper the ardor of feminine enthusiasm for camouflage. But mural decoration is only a part and a comparatively small part of it. Most of the work is just as mechanical—monotonous if you will—as the driving of nails at a shipyard, or the boring of barrels at a rifle-factory. It does not require an artist to paint a burlap bag to resemble the landscape, so that a soldier may ensconce himself in it and look like a leafy

bush. After the first one has been produced, as in the case of the rough paintings of men with steel helmets, rifles and bayonets, the copies can be made by these hard-working French women and refugees from every war-distraught country who don bloomers and work long hours for the maximum wage of 7 francs a day which, to many of them, is a godsend.

"All the art," said a member of the staff, "is in making the first one." The production pressure is enormous, and the supply is racing full-tilt to keep up with the incessant demand.

Outside a walled town of central France whose history goes behind the beginning of the Christian era, I rode in a two-man tank. That impertinent little tank seemed almost equal to the task of scaling or puncturing the mighty bastions. "Mud-puppies" the men at work upon the tanks call them. "Whip-pets" is the British designation. The last born of the lot wore the name in white paint "Damfino."

Donning a suit of overalls I climbed in at a back door which was slammed after me, and stood where the machine gunner ordinarily stands, the turret encircling my head with its leather pads like a great helmet. One may not go too minutely into particulars. Suffice it to say that one man operates the gun, the other is chauffeur. The big tanks needed three men as chauffeurs—one to manage each side in order to steer it, and the third to control the propulsive mechanism. The little craft scuttles over the landscape like a crab, at fifteen miles an hour, turning in

its own length and extricating itself with ease from almost any terrain less fluid than a pond.

The turret was locked in place, so that I ran no risk of losing my balance, since there were plenty of handles to which I might cling if I wished. I was surprised to find how much one could see through slits so narrow. We dipped into a ditch in the open field and the tank hardly noticed it. Then we plowed into the wildwood, and I scarcely felt it when we mowed down young trees several inches thick. I realize that this was the merest child's play compared with remaining in battle for 64 hours without cessation as British tanks did at Cambrai. But I could understand why the men who are working on the tanks are praying to be sent into action very soon. A sense of remorseless resistlessness sweeps over the tank rider.

The officer in command must be well-nigh omniscient. He must know military tactics, so as to be able to work with the doughboys. He must be able to take to pieces and put together machine-guns of the various types.

He should know both how to run the car and how to fire the gun, no matter if the tank is standing on its head or turning handspins.

Before the apprentice is put in the tank he is introduced to a full-size wooden model, which can be worked quite as though it were the real thing careening tipsily over the landscape. In this model he trains the gun upon a target and learns to fire it with such

accuracy that when he graduates to the tank itself he is merely changing from walls of wood to those of steel.

I was delighted at the gusto and zest of the men who were putting into commission this fleet of steel land-boats, the terrestrial destroyers. They talked of them as fondly as a father speaking of his children. The mechanics—soldiers all of them—were hammering and filing for dear life, and, heedless of long hours, they did not need to be told that their work directly counted toward victory.

As I came away from the field, I met a young Southerner who had lost his right hand through an accident with a grenade, on the eve of receiving a commission.

I told him all the encouraging stories I remembered of men whose plight was worse than his own.

After I left him one of his mates said to me:

"I'll take off my hat any time to that fellow. I'll go miles to black his shoes."

"Tell me about him," I urged.

"When he found that he had lost his hand," said my friend, "he merely remarked: 'What do you know about that? I've lost the mitt!'"

"When we tried to tell him how sorry we were, he smiled and answered, 'C'est la guerre!'"

Wherever and whenever you come upon our American wounded you hear them talk like this Tennessee veteran of nineteen.

At Tours I met Brigadier-General W. W. Atter-

bury, first Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, now Director General of Transportation in France.

His office is an index of the man's own executive and personal character. It had almost no furniture, but maps, chairs, and a flat-typed polished desk on which only the few papers of the immediate hour had been allowed to assemble.

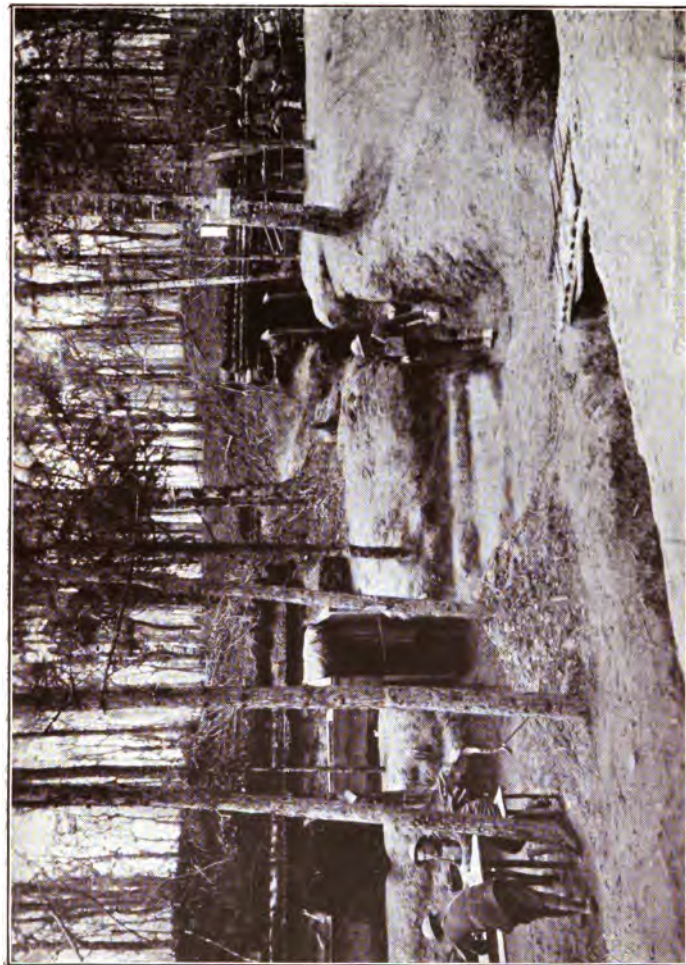
The Director had just emerged from a conference lasting two hours and a half with generals and other staff officers, but—as is usual with very busy men—he gave the interviewer the impression of having no end of time to answer questions. He was the same simple, clear-sighted, humorous, kindly hater of fuss and feathers, and of superfluous pomp and ceremony, that his railway associates and his host of friends in Philadelphia know.

In his cheeks was a ruddy glow of health as if he had been much in the open overseeing the traffic arrangement. Long hours at a desk wrestling with the decimal places had neither dimmed the luster of his eyes nor befogged his mental reactions.

I asked him if it was true, as I had heard, that he had tried to beg off when it came to wearing a general's uniform.

He laughed and answered: "I didn't want to wear it, but I put it on because it simplified matters and seemed to be of military necessity."

General Atterbury said that the task of bringing men and munitions from the base ports in France



Photograph by Signal Corps, A. E. F.

IN A QUIET SECTOR

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to the Front meant a revolutionizing conception. Hitherto all railway lines had converged on Paris as all roads were said to lead to Rome. Now there has been created a system quite independent of the metropolis, which has for its purpose the forwarding of soldiers and the supplies they need from west to east.

The traffic question in France has thus been changed from a longitudinal problem to a latitudinal as far as America is concerned.

"The extant lines were created primarily for military rather than civilian uses," said General Atterbury, "and we have found in the admirable work the French have done much that was available for our present purposes.

"We have put in an enormous mileage of spurs and sidings, but it has been more a matter of amplifying than of creating new lines. Bringing our big engines over here has meant that we could have longer trains and heavier cars. The rails are sufficiently heavy. The changes required to fit the gage of the French railways were very slight. It was only necessary to take a bit off the flanges of our locomotive wheels.

"Our plan of operations was essentially a simple one, and might be described in a few words—first to make a survey of the field, and then to go at it.

"We are now carrying more men and more tonnage (the tonnage reached the record figure of 155,000

last week) than it was expected we would carry next fall.

"You ask me if the conditions differ from those we are accustomed to meet on the Pennsylvania.

"The difference is twofold. We must meet both racial and military conditions that are unlike those in our country.

"The French and the British both feel that America is making good, and their attitude is that of confidence that having taken over the burden we will carry it unfalteringly until the war is won. The attitude of the French had been that of hopeful persistency that America was making ready. Now France has the visible proof every day that America will fulfil her promises.

"Our men in France stay on the job. They do not take holidays. Their performance is eminently satisfactory.

"And it is a great pleasure to see how they make friends with a generous and responsive people—how they walk along the roads with the children's hands in theirs. In a very small percentage of cases do the sudden friendships that are formed lead to harm. The moralists need not be unduly agitated, for our men are working too hard and too incessantly to get into much mischief.

"In this connection, I want to pay tribute to the 'Y'. In common with many of my fellow-citizens in America I had come to look upon the Y. M. C. A. as an institution of men who were perhaps more in-

clined to pious activities than to practical service. But the men who are coming over here are practical; they see what needs to be done; they are doing it, and the good they are accomplishing for our personnel in France is immeasurable.

"Every day I see things that stiffen my backbone and make me more proud and glad of the fact that I am an American. I think I am not over-inclined to sentimentalizing. The way our men are fitting themselves day by day into their environment is to me a continual source of satisfaction."

CHAPTER VI

IN A MOUNTAIN EYRIE OF THE VOSGES

Somewhere in the Vosges, July 20, 1918.

THIS morning at a quarter past five I was awakened from the sleep I had enjoyed since 1 o'clock by a strange commingling of sounds. One was musically beautiful, the other was only harsh and horrible. The first was the singing of the nightingale from the thicket adjoining my dugout. Over my cot there was a wire grating in the window to keep the ill-disposed from throwing grenades upon a sleeping man. There was no glass to prevent the full ecstasy of the bird's voice from reaching me. The other sound brought me back from the very gate of heaven to the charnel-house this war has made on earth.

It was the sound of two enemy aeroplanes humming over the valley and our artillery firing to bring them down or turn them back. From side to side of the wooded defile the noise of the cannonading reverberated, fairly rocking the glen with echoes that challenged echoes and seemed to leave no space for any other sound. But the bird never left off singing. If anything the song was sweeter and stronger as it proceeded. It was as though the feathered chorister had been told to perform in order to mitigate the

terror that flies by night or day, to drown the whirling of propeller-blades, and remind the world that melody and rapture still live under the sky, though it be blackened with the smoke and reddened with the flame of shouting guns and ruined villages.

Presently there came two enormous sounds—sounds that, as I subsequently found, meant the bombing of an ammunition dump of ours, two miles below the camp, not far from the road by which I had entered the glen.

And still the bird sang on and sang its heart out as though nothing had occurred!

The morning was new and pure: the trees were green as if they had just been made: the outlook through my wire netting showed me a tumbling stream of lucid water, tall straight spruces and blue sky. Though the artillery was booming, the still small voice of the nightingale lulled me to rest once more, and I slept three daylight hours till the sun was high and filled the glen and made one ashamed of playing the slug-a-bed, no matter how late the hour of retiring had been.

The night had graciously been filled with moonlight. In the late hours of the afternoon I climbed the mountain stair to the scattered eyries of our soldiers. They had taken over the sentinel posts from the French a little while before, and were fitting themselves, in merry mood, into their new and strong positions.

There were terraces cleanly bitten out of the moun-

tainside; there were summits cleared away for observation-posts; there were serried fences of barbed wire everywhere and gates that bristled with sentries who called the wayfaring man to account.

Some of the men were washing their clothes; some were writing letters; some were smoking and reading; some were unpacking lettuce and potatoes from the patient little gray donkey that had toiled up dustily from some village below and would presently be flicking his tail in his tiny shanty by the kitchen. There was a shrine against a tree—a carved frame with the figure of the Virgin, and a wreath of artificial flowers underneath—a heritage from French soldierly piety.

All round about the giant spruces themselves stood sentinel. Majestic trees they were, some of them fully a hundred feet of rigid height, fit for a ship's masts. The wild boars rustled about—though I saw none—and one of them had incontinently run full tilt at night into the wire charged with electricity and burned off his hind legs. Our boys in mercy put him out of pain.

One of the "combat groups," as these encampments of mountaineers on the falling-off places of the front are called, had captured a rushing trout-brook and made it supply them with hot shower-baths when they liked, by an ingenious device of tanks and fires. Another little river made light and ran a sawmill and supplied the electricity that charged the wire.

I went along the ridge afoot and looked across a

narrow valley through the rosy haze of the sundown to the opposite ridge. It would not have been safe to stand here in the broad glare of day, for the German trenches and machine-gun emplacements were on the mountain-wall directly opposite, though hid from prying eyes except with powerful glasses in the hands of trained observers.

In the interval below was a village, red-roofed, white-walled, with the church spire dominant in the midst as usual, the chalky road gleaming toward us at right angles to our pathway.

This village had not made up its mind whether it was French or German. It was actually between the lines, in No Man's Land, and its citizens answered to either name, warily, as the circumstances demanded. It was a nest of spies. Our own lines came within a kilometer. Our own cooks were buying vegetables in its stores. Our own military police were patrolling its streets. Round the end of the valley in a horse-shoe were the Huns upon the heights. Sharp was the contrast between the benedictional peace of the sundown and the artillery duel that every now and then sprang up and died away as suddenly as it began, or the imperative challenge of the spying aeroplanes by the shrapnel leaving flocks of cloud-sheep in the deep blue round about the aviator.

Far down the valley one looked in the beams of the sundown, and the tops of the spruces were miraculously reddened and yellowed, in a glory such as Turner loved to paint. Our men on their hard-

stamped red-clay terraces were singing in close harmony as the mild night came on. The deepening gloom where no fires could be kindled, and no light could be shown made the singing more impressive. Within-doors officers were toiling by candlelight over plans and reports innumerable.

There never seems to be an end to the paper work the officers must do. Headquarters is always wanting to know and headquarters must know, but the man in the field finds it hard—and no wonder—if, after the sweating grind of his daily work he must be waked at odd hours in the night by his field telephone for a verbal answer, or must get out of the bunk into which he retired full-dressed to report on the length of toothbrush handles, or the price of potatoes for the company mess, or the damages to be paid a farmer for the destruction of his wheat.

The men who toil at headquarters along the Front or behind it have their own troubles and in most cases are doing the best they can, but they know as well as anyone else that it is fatally easy to have the man at the typewriter issue requests for information which, when accumulated at company or platoon headquarters, spell despair for captains and lieutenants already "worn to a frazzle" with sleepless nights and the incessant supervision of men who sometimes require a care that passes parental tenderness.

Men of action, as a rule, hate to write.

If soldiers must say something when there is nothing to say, is there not a strong temptation to try to



Photograph by Signal Corps, A. E. F.

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please the man higher up by a fanciful relation of things as they are not—by “fakes” instead of facts?

Let those who love much voluminous literature for their files reflect upon the desirability of giving colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants as free a hand and as free a mind, while they hold the trenches, as they possibly can. The tension is already sufficiently great without adding to it by wanting to know all sorts of trivial things at impossible hours.

Our officers at the front are “carrying on” in secret most handsomely and often thanklessly. They are not an impersonal machine for evoking a finished product out of a raw material. They have feelings. They are proud of their work, proud of their men, patriotic in every fiber, eager to add to the prestige of the unit with which they are connected. If they are to do their best work they must be treated with consideration for the human factors in the great game, a consideration that is born of a sympathetic imagination.

Some writers like to represent the officers at the front as living delicately while their men incur the hardships. They lie. The most impressive fact my study of conditions “over there” has shown me is the interdependence that obtains; the lieutenant is concerned in every man of his platoon; the major travels with his whole battalion. An officer rejoices when out of a misshapen, mumbling mess that seems a hopeless misfit he has evolved a man whose appear-

ance is smart (even when it rains), whose challenges on sentry duty are alert, who willingly pulls his own weight and something more, who does cheerfully whatever duty is assigned him.

Back there at home, in the training-camp, there were thousands of men, and one man more or less didn't seem to count. Here in the woods on a mountain with the Boche facing you and seeking to kill you, every man counts, and for all that is in him. A streak of yellow is as wide as the whole sunset.

Once I was guided through a patch of woods at night by two soldiers who pointed the difference there is between the kind of man that helps and the sort that hinders.

The first man was a merry Irishman who was always ready to perform the duties of orderly, or "batman," or "runner," by whatever name you choose to call the general utility man of the military. He had a smile from ear to ear, an ingratiating tongue, and a strong faith that one American was good for seventy or ninety Boches any day, any hour.

The other fellow was morose and muddy-mettled, easily discouraged, and alive only to the fact that he was in a dangerous, uncomfortable place.

"Why did they wish him on me?" said his lieutenant to me with a wry smile. "He is the least satisfactory specimen in my whole outfit."

Then he told me how this malingerer had fought and kicked to prevent embarkation for France at the camp in the States where he had been trained.

At the last moment it took four men to put him on the cars.

As a result he had been court-martialed and sentenced to two years' imprisonment on his return from France.

When he was told off to be my guide he whined.

"Can't you detach somebody else, Sir?" he said to the lieutenant. "I had to police the camp during the day."

"Others did the same thing," answered the officer.

"There are plenty of men who haven't done anything to-day, Sir."

The officer had borne with the recalcitrant long enough.

He rose to his feet. "I told you to go, and you are going. That is all."

After the man went out the lieutenant said: "I don't like to think one of my men is hopeless, but he is the most discouraging case I have ever encountered. Some of the other men who seemed impossible are now the cause of genuine pleasure to me. I can only hope he'll see a light one of these days and change."

The sentry on the beat outside the battalion headquarters came from Oklahoma.

"I hate the Boches so, I'd start to-night if they'd let me and walk right over there," he told me, indicating with a sweep of his arm the shadow-filled valley. "They've been so mean I only want to kill them."

He had a café and a wheat farm of 110 acres at home.

"My wife went to be with her sick mother in Colorado," he confided. "While she was away I felt as though I ought to enlist. I wrote her. She wrote back: 'If you enlist before I get home, I know I'll die in ten hours.' I've been here two months and I've had no letters. I think she's eating her heart out."

I rode down the mountain on the major's coal-black horse, a ride I shall not forget. The moon, full-orbed, poured through the cathedral solemnity and silence. The path was not easy even with the moon's aid.

Twice we lost it and found ourselves brought to a stand by barricades of barbed wire. Every now and then the challenge of the sentry rang out and the password had to be given. There were two of us; my escort was a private from South Carolina, the major's orderly, who knew nearly all there is to know about horses. At home he would cross the stirrups over the saddle and stand up in them, thus bringing his feet as high as the saddle; and in that position, he had made his horse hurdle four feet seven and a half inches. Sometimes he rode ahead of me, his steel helmet glinting in the moon ray, and it didn't seem far back to medieval times, or let us say, to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Once his horse's left hind hoof slipped. The horse had been ill, and it was not so sure-footed as the steed I rode. If the rider had not flung his weight quickly to transfer the

center of gravity, he would have gone down the mountainside at an angle of sixty degrees. Here and there a single strand of wire held us to the narrow way. Sometimes the path was clogged with rocks, and once there were rude steps of earth and timber to climb. I could feel my great horse gather his strength to lunge upward with an inspiring willingness. He never faltered for two hours of such riding. Places that would have seemed hard for a rider by day were glossed by the witchery of the light and shade. When we had crossed the ridge and were in the bottom of the glen on the other side, the path was so conjectural in the blackness that it was better to give the horse his head and trust his quick senses as far as possible. The nearness of the Boches, the possibility of a sniper creeping through the woods to the sound of horse-shoes clashing on the rocks gave zest to the ride.

The next morning we climbed afoot the ridge on the other side of the ravine, and through a narrow slit at a post of observation looked across at the machine-gun emplacements and the trenches of the Boches.

From a point higher still it was possible to discover part of a town in German hands, and men at work in the hayfields on the outskirts, who probably were German soldiers. On our way, artillery roared at an aeroplane, and machine-guns replied with a furious sputtering. When we had made the rounds, the Colonel read me a letter he carried in his pocket,

from a French Colonel with whom he had conducted a funeral of French and American soldiers. The men had perished from the mustard gas. At the hospital I saw the wooden pincers, three feet long, with which the clothing of the men attacked by the gas was removed. The letter was a moving tribute to the fortitude and fidelity of the American soldier.

CHAPTER VII

WITH THE NIGHT PATROL IN NO MAN'S LAND

I WRITE these lines in a village of eastern France that must be nameless, for it happens to be the headquarters of an American Army Corps. My window at the inn looks over a street and a mossy wall into a château garden, with box hedges and pear trees, but there are no signs of life stirring along the neglected pathways. There are signs of life in my carpetless room, however, for a happy family of fleas feasted on my hands all night. The white chalk dust of the street filters through the shutters or is borne on the wings of inquisitive insects into my private precious ink-bottle. Through that dust a motorcar has brought me mile after skimming mile, from the fighting edge of the front line trenches and No Man's Land.

From Corps Headquarters my outward journey led me to division and brigade, regiment, battalion, company, platoon and finally to the individual on his post, and when I left off, crawling on my stomach between our lines and the German lines through an open field at midnight, somebody whispered that we were fifty yards from the German wires. The motorcar and

I parted company at the regimental headquarters, and when I regained it after the fog end of the night in a dugout, the way to it led through a pathless swamp where German artillery had bitten big holes for the green scum to lie in, and blasted trees into a game of jackstraws, and was ready at any instant to resume. That is why I do not minutely particularize my destination. It is only a fool who makes fun of the military censor's ruling, for the thoughtful man must see that it is a crime to give away an American position when it means that the life of one or perhaps hundreds of our boys might pay the penalty for a babbling indiscretion.

The front line trenches were in the woods on a ridge, and the men encamped there might have been a colony of lumberjacks were it not that rifles and bombs took the place of saws and axes, and it was khaki and not blue jeans they wore. The difference between day and night in such a place is the difference between plain fact and arrant hallucination. Therefore, immediately on my arrival in the afternoon I made the rounds of the outposts to get the customary daytime aspect. Instead of underbrush there was an enormous mileage of barbed wire. You shut behind you gates covered with it and you came to lookouts with machine-guns cunningly hidden and clusters of bombs of several types at hand. One of these lookouts had been the target of a German sniper all day long and several men had gone forth to wriggle in the grass and get him while the rest with their rifles



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"I'VE A LITTLE ONE AT HOME ABOUT YOUR SIZE"

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watched and waited. A bush waved in the wind and looked like a face camouflaged green. You crossed a sniper-swept clearing of whispering dead grasses in a hurry and you saw across German earthworks and over forests and villages in a valley-land held by the Germans. Through the edge of the woods the Germans had fallen upon those villages three weeks before. A few of our men, caught in dugouts, were victims of the liquid fire. One man was found leaning against a tree, his pipe still in his mouth, a bayonet in his heart. A man crept back alone into the village after the Germans had gained the foothold they were soon to lose. After he had been twice wounded they captured him. They beat him with the butts of their rifles, stripped his body and valuables and left him for dead. But he dragged himself away and made his report to his company commander. Then he keeled over and they bore him to the hospital.

The men I met at the dugouts behind the outposts who could not remove their clothes—even their shoes—for ten days at a time, were awaiting their turn in the trenches with the calmness of veterans, though some were as green to the business in hand as the trees around them. If you're looking for nerves or cold feet, hunt somewhere else than in an American sector in the woods and fields of France. "I can't keep my men in the trenches at night," complained a lieutenant humorously. "They want to go out and hang on the wire. They will go and sit on the edge of the parapet."

One man was writing a letter to his girl, which he read to me and to anyone else who cared to listen. "The army calls me a liaison agent. I call myself an A. D. T. boy. I sure would like to have a bath and a change of clothes. If I could find the old swimming hole at home I would bust it wide open. Our chaplain is some boy. He is always at the Y. M. C. A. or the K. C. hut playing to the men. One day he held communion service just for me out here in the woods. The boss writes me I have a corking job waiting for me at home with a rosy salary when I get back. He sure does write me some lovely letters. Yesterday Fritz was very saucy. We had to wear our steel helmets and it was as hot as the hinges. We live in a little dog-tent with one blanket apiece. The eats are O. K. and the sleeping is great—that is, if you get any. Fritz sends over many shells, and every time you think you can knock off a few hours the squarehead sends you some more, and you get so you say: 'O hell, what's the diff.?' and you turn over and saw wood again. If I was married and didn't have any kids I'd adopt an orphan asylum. You can see our men sitting in front of the houses holding the baby half an hour at a time and hobnobbing with the natives. One darkey from Georgia said to a black Frenchman from Africa: 'Why, you all has been so long in dis heah country you all has forgotten your own language!'"

In the next sentence, the letter writer adroitly introduced a bit of camouflage. I'm afraid he was

something of a gay deceiver, for this letter was to May, and he was writing another letter to a girl named Lucy at the same time, couched in almost the same language.

"We hear a lot about these French belles, but the only ones we have seen are toothless and flat-footed biddies."

"May I put this letter of yours in a book?" I asked.

"Sure!" he said. "I only wish I could find one of hers. She sure does use some language. If I could find hers I'd let you put it in the Pekin Gazette!"

He folded the letter and licked the flap and remarked in an absent-minded way that I was the first civilian he had seen in four months.

The next group, proud possessors of a big yellow canvas bag of chlorinated water with three spigots, from which they refreshed me, chortled with delight at the stories of an Irish captain who was with me. His name was "Bill" Harrigan. He described the excursion of a rolling kitchen (*cuisine roulante*) which ambled innocently toward Germany till it all but touched the German wire and then, horrified at the discovery, turned tail and came hustling home. He told about the negro sentry who challenged a captain on a main thoroughfare: "Now you look-a heah, captain, what you-all a-doin' out so late, any how?" He told about the same sentry saying in bewilderment, when he was called to account for slackness in demanding the countersign: "I halts them, and sometimes dey halts and sometimes dey don't!" or

again, when the wrong countersign was given, remarking: "Why hell, dat ain't it, is it?"

That got the story-tellers going.

One doughboy described the negro soldier of Spartanburg, S. C., who organized a one-man parade and strutted up and down till a friend asked him, "What are you strutting round like a peacock for? Been promoted?"

"No, sah! Somebody's done guv me a Ingersoll watch, and now I can tell time! Deah it is!" He held it out on the shiny ten-cent chain, but he was too proud to confess that he could not tell time. Neither could the other.

And still they gazed and still the wonder grew till the second man remarked with an awestruck voice: "Dere it is!" and the other asserted proudly: "Sho! so it is!"

"Goin' to enlist!" asserted another member of the same regiment, when leaving home.

"Where's you goin' in?" said his friend.

"Infantry."

"Why you don't try the aviation corps?"

"What's dat?"

"Flyin'."

"Nothing doin'."

"Why not, niggah?"

"I tell you why not. You goes up in dese heah contraptions what has a body like a fish, wings like a butterfly, engine on its nose, two holes, one for de shover and one for de captain."

"Den you rises up about three miles, maybe four, and you're goin' like de debbil. Den de motor stalls. Den de captain he say to you: 'Bud, you get out an' crank dat motor!' "

The next doughboy had his innings.

When General O'Neill of Allentown, Pennsylvania, went to Spartanburg, the train was three hours late. The negro guard of honor, tired of waiting, had dismissed itself. The general walked. A sentry of whom he inquired the way answered: "You cut de buck and go up dere to headquarters to beat the debbil and see my captain and explain yusself! We been waitin' three hours for you!"

A negro drafted said: "Ah want to claim 'ceptions."

"You mean exemptions."

"Yes, boss!"

"Got any dependents?"

"Yes, boss!"

"Who?"

"De butcher, de grocer and de saloon-keeper!"

Two other dusky South Carolinians engaged in a discussion on the question of insurance. One had taken out \$1000, the other \$10,000. The first man congratulated himself on the money he had saved and was inclined to "strafe" the other for extravagance.

But the second man said: "It's foxy, dat's what I is! Dey ain't goin' to put a valuable \$10,000 niggah up in de line for cannun foddah, when they can put in a niggah like you dat's only worth \$1000!"

Perhaps the tallest story told in this prolonged game of forget-the-trenches was that of a negro who appealed for permission to carry a razor over the top. For a long time he pleaded in vain.

"What chance would you have with a razor against a Boche?" asked the captain.

"I'll take ma chances, boss."

"The Boche'll get you quick as a wink."

But the negro held his ground and plied his tongue till permission was conceded.

Then, the story insists, the negro during the trench raid gave a mighty swish at a giant German. Up jumped the Boche crying in English: "You never touched me!"

"I didn't, didn't I?" cried 'Rastus, in exultation. "Shake youah head, man, shake youah head!"

An Irishman coveted a pair of boots the corporal wore. The latter explained that he got them from a dead German. Up sprang Pat. "Where are you going?" "To get a pair like 'em."

Pat was gone until 4 A.M.

"Why were you gone so long?" was the query that greeted him on his return.

"Sure, I had to kill ten of the Boches to get a pair to fit me!"

The best story the captain told us was not humorous. He was in the British sector observing. They gave him a princely welcome. From the dugout as they sat under shell-fire three lieutenants were sum-

moned in succession to lead men into the trenches through the falling shells.

The first was a lad barely twenty-one, who had "been out" about three hours. He was scared, and said so. His hands shook. When the order came, he adjusted his belt, took his swagger-stick, smiled and cried: "Cheery-O!" and went out in as debonair a fashion as if it were merely a night of rain.

Almost at the threshold he fell, mortally wounded.

The second man, equally new to the task, sprang up and went out, and in half an hour he was dead, as a sergeant reported.

Then the company commander said to the American captain: "Excuse me!" and went himself.

"What did you do?" I asked the captain.

"I followed him."

It was with difficulty that I got the captain to tell me the rest of the story, for he hated to mention his own part in the proceedings. The Germans had a machine-gun in a pit. The captain went to the edge of the pit and blazed away at them with his rifle till they were all killed.

He hastened to return to the subject of the young lieutenants who had left the dugout first.

"They were the bravest men of all," he said. "They were frightened to death, and they went out."

That night, from nine until after two they let me rummage about with the visiting patrol.

The places we had seen by day were utterly changed. They were no friends of ours.

There was a half-moon in the sky, but it was nearly useless. It barely rose above the silhouette of the trees; it coasted along, forlorn and old and lusterless, and soon passed down and out entirely, leaving all to the solitary reign of the mild starlight.

By night or day one must hold to the strait and narrow way in these woods. You might call them an ideal picnic ground, but you would be the more deceived. Death may be lurking under the innocence of the leaves. There are bombs, acutely sensitive, scattered where the foot or the hand of a prowling Boche sniper might disturb them and blow him to bits. There are wires artfully stuck with bombs that drop and annihilate the disturber. As you go along the duckwalk at night, your foot slips off and jams down into a mudhole, and as you wrench it out again, clutching for a handhold, you find perhaps—as I did—that you have seized a particularly serviceable strand of barbed wire like a handful of fish-hooks.

Then there are cunning nests of barbed wire underfoot into which you stumble, and if you don't duck low enough other wire claws your steel helmet, or you dint it against the edge of a low-hanging sheet of corrugated iron. There are multitudinous ways of making a noise just when the situation demands profoundest silence lest you betray your whereabouts. Many are the cans arranged, to tinkle and announce you to the sentry.

Now and then came the sharp command to halt, advance and give the countersign.

Each night the countersign is changed, and it is always an unusual word that demands a special effort of the memory.

It is sufficiently dark and spooky and lonely here on guard in the deep woods when the air is clear. But when it rains the test of self-control is beyond the imagination of us who sit at home and read about the war. Then the visiting patrol must feel the way by intuition or the blindest guesswork. Nature provides no help at all, the pathway is built of stumbling-blocks.

Hour after hour a man must stand at his rifle, listening in the thick black darkness for the least of sounds. If he is on a listening-post he must detect the activities of the Boches cutting the wires in front of his trench. They use every dissembling trick of their beastly trade. They imitate the twitter of birds. They make a cry like a cat or the squeaking of rats. They use mechanical crickets—all these to cover up the sound of a stealthy approach or the cutting of wires.

We were creeping along on the parados—the back of the trench—and we heard in the trees of No Man's Land the sound of stealthy footsteps.

"Down into the trench!" whispered the lieutenant.

We scrambled down and there we found the sentry with his bombs set out along the firestep as though he were shopkeeping, and his rifle ready. I jerked

my Colt automatic out of the holster. A civilian, of course, has no right to shoot, save in self-defense in the last extremity.

There, waiting in the dark, straining our ears, we heard on the right and left the sputter of German machine-guns. Behind us, at the left, was the uproar of our own artillery, throwing shells that you could hear explode after several seconds. There were no "duds" in their stentorian vocabulary. We stood still and waited, and the woods creaked and stirred in their sleep, and then we decided that the significant noise was only the scurrying restlessness of the rats that in their migratory companies forever on the march often make a noise much like the sound of human beings.

So we took up the trail again.

There was a last outpost far out in a field between our trenches and those of the enemy. To reach it we had to make a long detour. As we came to a clearing a bullet whizzed past the head of a man a few feet behind me. What was the old Latin saying about being safest if one walks in the middle? It was disproved in this instance. Suppose somebody is lurking in ambush for a file of men. The first of the file advertises the fact that there is an approach, singular or plural. By the time a second or a third man is passing, the location may be fairly well determined. The last man has a chance to drop in his tracks or to retreat.

We went on. We came to high grass, two feet

above our heads. We jumped over a trench and threaded a maze of wire, barbed and plain. We were now between the lines, and we lay down and slid along the ground like serpents. There were gaps in a hedge at the left on the German side of us. The Germans were making night beautiful with star-shells and rockets. How the Boche loves his pyrotechnics! Then we came to a bush, and found the men we had come to visit. There was a bearded Frenchman with them, who had no gas-mask, and who carried one of those slender French bayonets as a rapier. All Frenchmen were supposed to have withdrawn from the sector, but old Reliable, who called himself "Papa," was still playing guide, philosopher and friend to the outpost.

We crawled away from the bush into the open field. Then a German star-shell burst, directly overhead, and we clung to the soil like frozen lizards. The shell lit up the field for acres with a greenish light not unlike that of a mercury vacuum lamp. In the woods behind us the siren of a gas alarm lifted its uncanny song. We whipped out our gas masks and adjusted them. Perspiration made the pincers slide off my nose. Fifty yards to the German wires! I began to polish up my German lest Ruheleben be my address for the duration of the war.

But the gas alarm apparently was meant for folk at a distance, for when we resumed our march presently, the wind setting away from us toward the Germans, there was no mischief in the air. We slid

away quickly in the dark. I took to my blankets amid the squealing of the rats in the dugout a little after two and was out again at three for the stand-to.

The dark and chilly hour around the dawn is the time beloved of the Boche for launching an assault. The psychologists he used to read when he was a reading man have told him that spirit and flesh are furthest below par in the wee small hours.

When the full morning sunlight came I descended past little cemeteries of unexploded shells, which demand respectful attention, to a deserted village which the Germans are shelling sporadically. As I entered the door of the ruined church, the wooden, life-size figure of the Christ leaned against the altar facing me, the blood from the crown of thorns upon His shoulder. It was as solemnly wonderful an apparition as I have seen anywhere. It was as if He stood there still, defending His church against unhallowed intrusion. In a corner was a German gas-shell breathing phosgene. I went up into the bell-tower. At any moment it might fall, especially if it were struck by another 105-centimeter shell. There was a church clock, the dial still intact, and when someone the other day changed the hands one hour it drew a terrific onslaught. When I crept from the wooden ladder into the belfry to survey a German ammunition dump across the road below me, I had to be careful to avoid slipping on the rubble on the platform and falling through the hole through which the bell-rope used to hang. The hole was partly covered by a lid

of boards. As I stepped aside my steel helmet clashed against the bell. I will confess that my heart stood still for an instant, and if you saw the great fragments of shells that lay amid the wreckage down below you would understand.

I took one look from the window toward the ammunition dump, and descended with more haste than dignity. Again the luck and the wind were with me. The phosgene breathed its curse in vain as I left the doorway, for the figure of the Christ was standing at the altar with a benediction.

CHAPTER VIII

CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

THERE were several days in the Château-Thierry sector that I shall not forget till the summons come to join those brave boys who gave their lives there that you and I might dwell in security and ease in America.

One was with Raymond Carroll, the plucky and unstoppable *Public Ledger* correspondent, who goes where the news is, hobnobs with everybody from the general to the little "Napoleon," the 14-year-old man-of-all-work at the hotel in Meaux, and sleeps with one hand on a piece of war bread and the other on the keys of his Corona.

We sallied out to have a look at the late residence of a "Busy Bertha." We found it in the woods at the end of a spur of standard-gauge railway. Bertha herself was not at home. She had been dragged off to the North by the fleeing Huns. But here was her mighty turntable thirty-five feet across, resting on about a hundred and fifty ball-bearings as big as footballs. Sticks of TNT—like macaroni—and disks of black powder resembling buttons were scattered about, and the great gun had her own private emergency

hospital. She could reach fifty miles to Paris if she wished it. She was fond of dropping things on Meaux.

Suddenly out of the clear the German batteries paid us a compliment. The shell landed a little off to the right and failed to explode. For the chauffeur's sake we moved away. When we got over to the other side of the meadows on a hill slope, we heard another shell and following the explosion a smoke column rose about where we had been.

An ambulance train had encamped at the cross-roads in a pleasing shade. We took pot luck with them. Very good luck it was too—steak, peas, potatoes, bread, coffee, cooked in first-rate fashion. Most of the drivers came from Philadelphia.

"Please let the home folks know that we are running our cars sixty hours on a stretch through a whole lot that General Sherman never imagined. The worst is when the poor wounded fellows are crying out behind us, and we can do nothing for them, and the roads are black as sin, so that sometimes you have to have men light cigarettes and walk backwards to give you the way."

Some Frenchmen came by as I was returning for a "second" on the coffee, and they had a balloon in tow with its windlass on a motor truck. Up went the balloon without the observer and a Hun plane streaked toward it, a French plane in pursuit. Our batteries were blazing away toward Germany. The observer of a neighboring balloon made a nifty de-

scent in a parachute, the sun glistening like ivory on the dome of his vast umbrella. The Hun was not so lucky, though a squadron of four of his mates was hustling along behind him to help him quell the Frenchman. The French aviator brought him down in a heels-over-head "vrille." Then the Frenchman completed his perfect day by getting into an automobile, humming to the spot and taking the wounded Hun prisoner as he lay tortuously amid the wreckage.

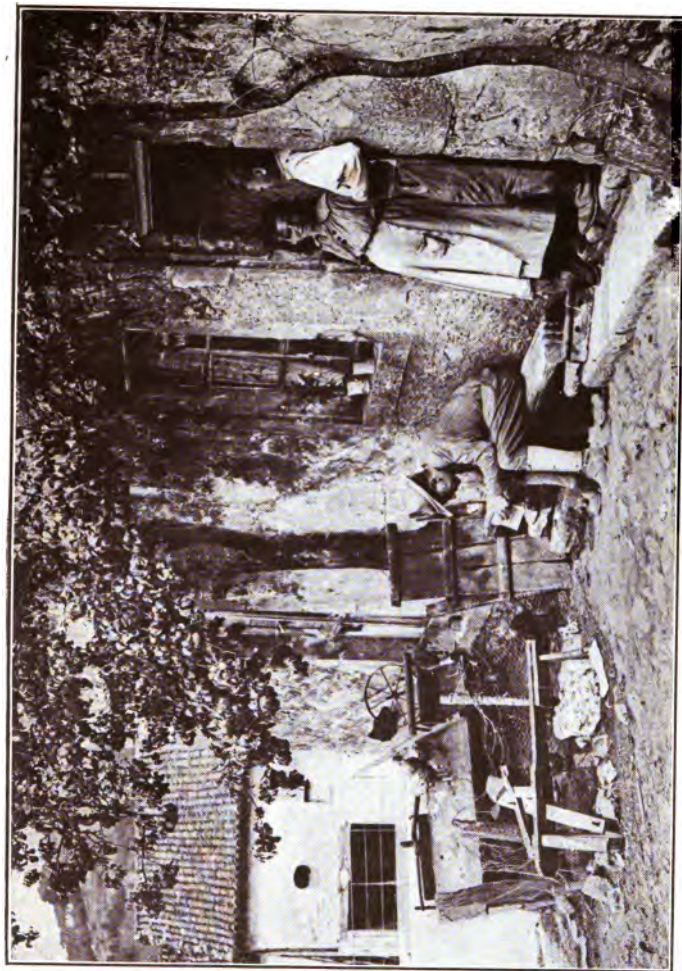
All this free of charge by way of an after-luncheon entertainment!

The white ribbon of our road pointed eastward, and the chalky dust rose like dense smoke. Fill one of these highways with laden trucks and marching troops and a London fog is translucent as glass compared with it.

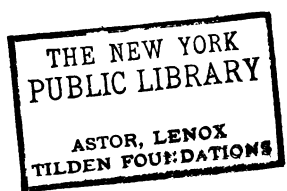
The Huns must have known we wanted to take that straight road to the next village. They planted five shells neatly on both sides of the track while we looked on from our shady grove at the cross-roads. One of them landed on a farmhouse whose front was flush with the road, and flames and smoke soared up from the court-yard where—one of the Military Police told us—there was an ammunition dump.

"How about it?" said Raymond Carroll. "I guess the rain is over. Shall we try that road?"

I held my breath as we passed within twelve feet of the farmhouse wall. Presently we ran under our own guns—giants, shouting all over the heavens. They were hidden, of course, their long noses in-



From Photograph by Photographic Section, French Army
NEWS FROM HOME



quisitively near the road, and the one that nearly got my ear-drums with its hot red breath must have been within forty feet of our rapid chariot.

The German lines were in plain sight as our two-lunged car ran at top speed down the line in front of our artillery. They all had something to say at an angle of thirty degrees as we went by. I had spent six hours the day before in a battery of leviathans, but they were a zither solo beside this orchestra.

It was rather a relief to get away from the sten-torian performance to headquarters in the chapel of a château, where among the saints and the crucifixes the business of the day was the registration and interrogation of German prisoners, fangless and feckless creatures now.

Vaux, which is separated by Hill 204 from Château-Thierry, is an open grave created by our artillery. One house is something like a house, the rest is but crumbling jagged ruin blanched by the noonday sun, haunted under the moon's spendthrift silver—as desolate as St. Pierre in Martinique after the eruption of Mont Pelée. It was the American artillery that brought down the walls and drove out the Germans. Hill 204 dominates Château-Thierry. On it the Germans had planted some 300 machine-guns whose emplacements are easily to be seen. Many of the long-handled German “potato-masher” grenades, dangerous even to touch, were scattered about. There were shell-cases, cartridges, fragments of gas masks, bits of machine-gun belts, field post-

cards, tin cans, and gaping shell-holes in the red mud everywhere, as though gigantic prairie dogs or woodchucks had been digging.

The Americans and the French encircling the hill had expelled the Boche to the northeast. He had not left without a desperate resistance of which the shell-holes were the autograph.

Coming down into the famous town on the Marne, we stepped into the church whose tower is the most conspicuous object from the enviroing hills. From this church eleven days before us there issued at seven in the morning one hundred and eighty persons who had been cooped up there all night in fear of the Germans. The first who came out met a French sergeant clacking over the cobbles and found joyful deliverance at hand. The enemy had departed!

As we entered the church the first thing we noticed was the grievous state of the windows. In each of them the torn stained glass seemed fairly aflutter like autumn leaves. Not one of the small panes was intact.

The German buccaneers had stored here the spoils of the town which they were forced to leave behind them when they fled. In the middle of the nave were the chassis of two automobiles and the hosecart of a fire company. At the eastern end were piles of striped mattresses, perhaps two hundred of them. Over the altar-rail hung dark blue and black jerseys and dresses, as though in a store of second-hand clothing. In the south transept were huge piles of

metal objects. There were copper kettles, two battered French horns (Château-Thierry is known for its brass wind-instruments), valves, faucets and stop-cocks, steam-gauges, brass candlesticks, lead and copper piping, pewter mugs, plates of silver and pewter. In large wooden boxes, with German addresses painted in black on the sides, were packed the purple and gold-fringed vestments that were and are the property of the priests. In the robing-room off the chancel were showy gilded clocks pilfered from the mantelpieces of scores of respectable homes. Two French soldiers silently guarded the door of this treasure house of the pirates, and only because of the French officers with us were we permitted to enter.

We came to Villeneuve, the first correspondent's car to enter the village after the Germans left it. The German sign "Hauptstrasse" (Main Street) for the principal thoroughfare offended me, and I climbed the wall by the same ladder the German used in putting it up and pulled it down. Twenty-five civilians hid in the cellars during the bombardment of this place. The Germans had a busy hospital in the church. We found the cots ranged in the nave, some twenty of them. In one of the side chapels was an operating room with a dressing station. Three dead Frenchmen lay on stretchers just inside the door of the church. In the hospital were bottles of ether, alcohol and antiseptic preparations, and rolls of crêpe paper bandages.

As we swirled out of the wrecked village we met a truck stalled in a shell-hole in the road. Soldiers laid logs in the ditch and we got round it on the logs. The road was liquid mud and it was raining. At the first cross-roads lay six dead horses—two of them cut in half by the shells—and a dead German sprawling on his back in the middle of the road among them. The big flies were busy and the stench was sickening. We passed two more dead Germans—one on his back, the other on his face, his right arm reaching out as though for the unattainable. Two shattered aeroplanes lay in the wheatfields.

The stone bridge over the Ourcq was gone. French engineers were building another of logs and house-doors, and we crossed on foot thereby. This was at the torn threshold of the famous town of Fère-en-Tardenois. We came to a shell-hole in the roadway ten feet deep and thirty across. The German artillery, sullenly retiring, was dropping shells now and then that whined at the dead houses.

A boy from South Carolina was directing a dozen other American soldiers who were repairing the road. French Territorials—bearded veterans of the middle forties—were blazing trails through the rubble and the rubbish that used to be a thriving, happy town of flowers and singing, of market-days and gossiping cafés and chiming bells.

In what remained of the church was a German sign conspicuously bidding one remove his hat; mine (a steel helmet, of course) was already off, at the risk

of something dropping from the mutilated roof. Once a church always a church is the rule in France.

A torn leaf from the organ loft had fluttered to the middle of the nave. It was music of Palestrina, like a letter from God to this disheartened ruin. I wanted to take it with me. Then I had a sudden mental picture of an old man in a black cassock with a white lawn tie and goggles coming back to the sanctuary, groping about on hands and knees, wearily trying to set to rights his music, his choir and his disheveled keyboards. I had not the heart to take a line of his music, even if it were never to find its way to the book and the music rack again.

The day that marked the beginning of the fifth year of warfare found British, French and American troops pressing forward together exultantly on the full flood tide of victory between Soissons and Rheims, while the German burned his ammunition dumps, transplanted his big guns (or lost them) and framed new exculpations for another dismal failure to reach Paris.

Stories of the bravery of American troops have come pouring in during the last few weeks, and I need not provide anecdotal evidence of the sang-froid with which our soldiers faced and overcame the flower of the Kaiser's shock troops, hand-in-hand with British and French infantry ever ready to offer the counsel of their experience and the stimulus of their example. I will only say, as an eye-and-ear witness, that everywhere I met the Americans I was amazed

and delighted at the transformation wrought since I saw the same men at their training-grounds in the United States.

"East Side" Jews from New York City made themselves as much at home as Robin Hood was in Nottinghamshire forest; Spanish-speaking New Mexicans ran the gauntlet of flame as if it were a mandolin serenade; lads fresh from an aristocratic school or a counting-house sweated among batteries that shook the terrain as though it were quicksilver; red Indians from Wyoming or Colorado were stoics of the high explosive shells and the poison gas as if the calumet went round at the council-fire or the drums beat to a dance.

One of our boys who tried to take a machine-gun by himself was found dead with his body flung over it, seventeen machine-gun bullets across his breast; two of them who had been gassed lay side by side, their hands clasped in the last sleep of all.

But to relieve the poignant tragedy humorous incidents abounded. "I never met this man before," blustered a German major, indicating the cheerful doughboy who captured him, "but he insists on calling me Heinie!" "I don't know what I's got here," cried a grinning darkey as he prodded a much-beriboned Hun officer, "but I's bringin' it in!" The Germans said their families at home were starving. They looked well fed, and evidently their minds were set at rest as far as their own persons were concerned, by capture. Their officers had assured the

privates that the Americans would treat them cruelly. In many cases they decided to take a chance and cried: "Kamerad!" accordingly. But last-minute repentance, when a Hun has been working a machine-gun till our soldiers are within a few steps of him does not count with an incensed "Yank." The change of heart must be timely and sincere.

I have never found a point of the line where the American acquiesced in a policy of letting the Huns alone. Everywhere they are eager to push forward. They complain that the tanks hold them back when advancing with the infantry. They do not care to dig themselves in and abide by a tacit "gentleman's agreement" to have no trouble. After waiting so long to get into the war theirs is a keen desire to plunge into the fray, to make good for the sake of the girl at home. "Wait until you have been in it longer," says a sad-eyed veteran shaking his head. "You will be so fed up with fighting you will not feel about it as you do now." Of course some of the enthusiasm born of newness will pass; but it will pass only to give place to a deepened and settled resolution, a confirmed determination to do all that will help to bring victory, and this as speedily as may be.

The same spirit permeates the "S. O. S."—the Service of Supplies which sustains the fighting line. The front line trenches seem to run through any place where the Americans are. I found it so at a base port, where locomotives were assembled and big guns put together and tested with surprising celerity; I

found it so at the vast depots and stations and schools, where supplies are distributed, where men are assembled and assigned, where officers and privates are instructed. Through all and in all is the one abiding and consuming purpose—to beat Germany, to reduce the Hun to submission, to end this war and all war, to bring to earth again the peace of God that seemed to have fled from us to dwell among the angels. Our army and our people are one; they are one with themselves; they are one with their allies. And they know what the end will be.

CHAPTER IX

BEHIND THE LINES

THE significance of the Red Cross as the conquering sign of the great crusade of mercy and of healing is understood the world around except among the Germans.

The work of the Society is so vast and so various that it would fill many a book to tell even partially the story.

The name of Florence Nightingale in this war is legion. A child of her spirit was the Red Cross girl in one of the British Voluntary Aid Detachments who was running an ambulance in France when it collided with a freight train. She was so badly injured that her leg had to be cut off in the hospital. When she recovered consciousness her first words to the surgeon were: "May I run another ambulance?"

Much of the Red Cross work is hidden from the eye, like Wordsworth's Lucy. Multitudes of women are blacking grates, scrubbing floors, counting and checking laundered garments, mending the tattered raiment from the trenches, showing the same brave fiber and unconquerable mettle that their sisters have

disclosed in shell-factories, banks and offices and record-rooms, upon the 'buses and in the elevators, guiding the tractor-plows, or pruning the fruit trees—nearly breaking their backs with planting, hoeing and weeding, setting their hands to every hard, distasteful task and "carrying on" in the place of men by sheer grit and by the will triumphant over nerves that cry aloud, and bodies that protest in every aching sinew.

Women in war work to-day have no time for the luxury of ailments that they once enjoyed. They deny themselves the privilege of being pampered and petted. They rise early and work late, often standing at their tasks, and perhaps walking miles to their day's labor.

There is no more noble manifestation of duty done and self-denial cheerful and continuous than the work of the men and women of the Red Cross.

Such a plan as that which the Red Cross maintains in London shows how the original idea of a ministry of healing has expanded to take in many other phases of human welfare. The name "Red Cross" conjures up visions of doctors, ambulance drivers and stretcher-bearers, of women in white and blue with the welcome emblem on their foreheads, dressing wounds without a qualm, sterilizing instruments and bandages, cooking meals and turning pillows, going from cot to cot with broths and jellies, helping the helpless, urging the inert, comforting the downhearted, bring-

ing rest to the weary and food to the hungry, and doing it all with a smile and a word or a nod that is itself a potent medicine.

All this is true, but the Red Cross to-day goes much further than that. It rightly leaves to the "Y" the direction of entertainment, the arrangement of athletic sports and religious exercises, the management of the canteens on the firing line. Countless thousands bless the women who have worked in the name of the Red Cross to feed and cheer traveling soldiers at the railway stations or on the march. The Red Cross has a bonded warehouse in London where tobacco, candy and gum are issued in large quantities. Whenever a ship goes down nurses' uniforms and kits are likely to be needed immediately. Tooth brushes, tooth paste, razors, shaving soap, laundry soap, are in great and constant demand at the hospitals. Two hundred devoted English and American women working day and night made three hundred baseball uniforms for the Fourth of July games.

A young American Red Cross doctor with whom I talked had had 500 cases of limbless men at a shore hospital, but he belittled his own task. When I met him he was stationed with nine other American doctors at a big hospital in the north of England, where I found patients at work on artificial limbs for themselves and engaged in a wide range of "occupational therapy" that "kept the hand alive" as well as the brain, and included:

Watch repairing,
Oxyacetylene welding,
Printing,
Basket-making,
Weaving,
Leather embossing,
Wood-carving,
Gardening,

and other employments.

Wherever there is any large group of Americans at work in England—whether at a rest camp or with tanks, machine-guns or aircraft—there a group of our own doctors will be found, and there, too, the residents of the locality are doing all they can to make them happy. Through Berne, in Switzerland, the American Red Cross forwards weekly supplies of food to American prisoners in Germany. In August there was food enough in the warehouse or on the way thither, to supply 10,000 Americans for six months. Another warehouse has been leased in Copenhagen and a reserve is stored in France.

An American who was asked by Englishmen what kind of entertainment his countrymen in England would like best replied: "They would appreciate above all a chance to enter your houses, and meet your families and sit down by the fire with a book.

"Of course they are grateful for invitations to big public functions, with a welcome from the Lord

Mayor, music by the band, refreshments at the hands of the fair sex.

"But Americans are affectionate, sentimental, domestic in their inclinations. Domesticate them then if it is a possible thing and if they seem to you to deserve it. It isn't necessary to provide a lavish program of amusement. It isn't necessary even to talk to your guests. If they may but find a peaceful, intimate hour now and then beneath the vine and fig tree of an Englishman's home you will have won their everlasting gratitude.

"The American is sometimes more homesick than he is willing to confess. You are likely to find in a pocket over his heart the pictures of wife and children, and when he thinks he is unobserved he takes them out and looks at them.

"When he comes to England, ancestral voices whispering in his blood will tell him that he has come home. Your hospitality—so lavishly proffered that we cannot thank you enough for all your goodness—will give him to understand that he truly is at home in England and among his brothers-in-the-blood—not a stranger in a strange land remote from kith and kin."

A young American wearing the "Y" uniform said in my hearing that British officers never spoke to him first. Whereupon an elderly English gentleman took up the challenge implied, and answered: "My young friend from America must not think it strange if he has found us at times somewhat uncommuni-

cative. We are frequently very silent among ourselves for long periods together. He must learn that our habitual reticence does not mean that we do not care to cultivate the acquaintance of Americans. I live in Newcastle," he went on, "and often when I have journeyed between Newcastle and Leeds nobody in our compartment has said a thing. One day an amiable soul spoke up and said, 'It's a pleasant day.' Whereupon the fellow sitting opposite retorted: 'Well, nobody said it wasn't a pleasant day. What are you going to do, pick a quarrel?'"

Harry Lauder, who was present when the man from Newcastle told the story, capped it with another. "A mason and a miner got into the same compartment of a railway carriage," he said. "The miner was buried fathoms deep in his newspaper. By way of starting talk, the mason said: 'You'll be getting out at the next station, I'm thinking?' The miner bluntly answered, 'No,' and said no more. The station passed, the mason tried again: 'You'll be getting out at the next station, I'm thinking?' Again the answer 'No.' A dozen times the mason tried, and with no better luck. At last he had to be getting out himself. He went about five yards from the carriage door and then returned as though he had forgotten something. He thrust in his head and said to the miner still glowering in his corner: 'Not that I give a dom where ye're going!'"

There has been a lot of indifference on America's part in the past, as to international obligations.

"Ringed by the leaden seas" we dwelt in a superb isolation, secure, prosperous and content to reiterate the Monroe Doctrine for our foreign policy, fondly interpreting Washington's warning against "entangling alliances" to mean that we must play in our own yard, plant and weed our own garden, and not even peep over the fence of our self-sufficiency at European nations and European affairs.

The war has changed all that.

"It's most important that we send the right men to be our spokesmen in America," said a British major-general who knows us well and cares for us a great deal and loses no opportunity of declaring his admiration. "You are right," answered an American. "You have been fortunate in your unofficial ambassadors to us. It is impossible to overpraise the kind of work Harry Lauder and Ian Hay, to take but two examples, have been doing in America. Harry Lauder gets right to the heart of his audiences; they laugh and cry as he wills, and the death of his son John has lent pathos and power to his appeal: the flame of a Pentecostal fire seems to hover above him while he excoriates the Hun.

"As for Ian Hay, no English speaker to American hearers was ever better loved than he. He knows the war from the innermost. He opened the door of the fiery furnace and looked in for himself. Endowed with a heaven-sent gift of humor, he puts his experience into the clear language that follows clear thought. He speaks with tact and dignity and there

is never anything that he needs to explain or to retract."

Our friends in Europe understand and proclaim that we are in the war with a pure disinterestedness. Professor W. McNeil Dixon of Glasgow, who has done invaluable work as a propagandist in bringing our countries together, said to me that there is no recorded instance in history of so perfect an altruism.

"You went into the war absolutely without an ulterior motive. You had no land-grabbing ambition. You had no political aim to satisfy; there was no covetous imperial outreach toward other nations, large or little. You merely did what seemed to you to be your duty, because, like us, you loved liberty and felt called on to act in defense of human freedom."

"They're in the war and they're actually smiling!" cried a spectator at the Fourth of July, 1918 baseball game at Walham Green in London. The players were from the Army and Navy—famous professionals and noted collegians among them. King George, Queen Mary, other members of the Royal Family and some 30,000 of the public at large attended. The game has gone down in history, and mankind from China to Peru learned over the cables that the score was 2 to 1 in favor of the Navy.

The King in his red-upholstered, gilt-backed chair directly behind home-plate followed the game intently. Queen Mary, similarly enthroned, asked him many



Photograph by Signal Corps, A. E. F.

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questions, gesticulating freely with her right hand. Queen Alexandria pounded with her parasol like a dyed-in-the-wool fan, almost as earnest a partisan as the rabid Army and Navy rooters to right and left of her.

"I've been hob-nobbing with Royalty!" exclaimed an excited young American in the "Y" uniform to me after the game. "Sir Thomas Lipton called me 'Son.' I said to him, 'I'll bet you I can name correctly the members of the Royal Family who are present,' and I nearly did.

"An Englishman sitting beside me asked when he saw the catcher, 'Why doesn't he put a cushion on the other hand, too?'

"Then when the Army men on our right were rooting their hardest he said, 'They're arguing over there!'

"When a fellow slid to second, he remarked, 'That man will get all dirty.'

"The bat excited him. Thinking of the cricket-bat he asked, 'Wouldn't he be more efficient if he had a flat side on that stick?'

"I explained to him the theory of curve pitching. He was impressed. 'But surely,' he said, 'he can't hope to hit the ball when it's traveling that fast?'

"He was a good sport, that Englishman. He did better than I'd have done if it had been a cricket match. By the time the game was over he was almost a full-fledged fan.

"'What is a hit?' he asked.

"I explained that the effort was to lam the ball as far out into the field as you could and make the complete or partial circuit of the bases.

"'But, my goodness!' he objected, 'there are far too many men standing out there in what you call the field. The ball could never get by them.'

"When the Navy had two runs to the Army's none, he called out, 'It's two love, isn't it?'

"'Two to nothing,' I said.

"'Well, if the Army makes two runs then it's on the level, isn't it?'

"The foul strike rule puzzled him. He thought the batter ought to be allowed to run after what he called 'one of those licks behind.'

"One of the 'licks behind' very early in the game hit on the roof of the grandstand. When it landed in the catcher's mitt my friend cried, 'He's out!'

"'No!' I said, 'that didn't count—except as a foul strike.' And I explained what a foul strike was.

"'But he caught it off the roof!' my eager pupil objected.

"'That makes no difference.'

"'But surely,' he said, as the ball went on the first bound into a baseman's hand, 'the batter is out now?'

"'No—first bound doesn't count: it must be caught in the air.'

"'Pon my honor!' he exclaimed a little later. 'That umpire must have keen eyesight to tell those balls! The bowler is sending them toward the wicket-keeper at a terrible rate.'

"He persisted in calling the bat the bludgeon. He thought the attire rather frivolous. 'Your men dress like jockeys with their caps and stockings. They wear fencing-masks, I see.'

"'Only the catcher,' I corrected.

"'But they're all equipped with boxing gloves.'

"After the second inning, he remarked, 'It's two-ninths played now, isn't it?'

"Sooner or later most of those within earshot likened the game to rounders, and my friend was no exception. 'We never developed it from the status of a childish sport,' said he. I answered that in American hands the game had been evolved into a pastime that had almost attained the dignity of an applied science.

"The tea-party afterwards in Kensington Gardens was the best part of the afternoon. They used the silver from Kensington Palace. They served tea and chocolate and cigarettes, and the sailors did the snake-dance to celebrate their victory.

"I had the Countess of Shaftesbury for my waitress. The Lord Mayor of Kensington made a rousing speech. The Princess Louise is a good sport, one of the best. She's as quick as a flash in repartee.

"We gave three cheers for the Lord Mayor, three for the Princess Louise, three for the lady in charge of the refreshments and three for ourselves of the 'Y.'

"I'm sure none of us will ever forget the Fourth of July in London."

A New Orleans sailor described to me his faithful, lonesome vigil with the British fleet.

"Our trawler ran aground in the fog one day," he said, "and to get her off, the lieutenant-commander called for volunteers to take the wire (of which we carried thousands of fathoms) over to the patrol boat, so she could haul us off. I volunteered along with everybody else, though the lifeboat wasn't in my line. They let me go, however. We got a little way from the ship and then the wire stuck on the drum from which it was being uncoiled. The sea was now running very high. We tried to semaphore back to our trawler to send out another lifeboat to help us pull the wire, but they couldn't see us in the fog. So we tied the wire round a keg, threw the keg overboard and went on to the patrol. We were almost exhausted from fighting the waves when we reached the patrol. Then they sent out a wire and it was tied to the end of the wire we had fastened round the keg, so that the patrol boat was able to haul us off the rocks.

"While our trawler was tossing in the surf with her stern on the rocks we saw something that brought out the sweat on us like rain. A white ripple of foam raced by at about 25 or 30 knots an hour within 100 yards of us—and we supposed, of course, it was the periscope of an enemy submarine. The commander on the lookout with his glasses called, 'Don't shoot! It seems to be a British sub.' Lucky he said that, because my hand was near the depth bomb apparatus and, orders or no orders, I was sorely

tempted to let fly. That white plume tearing through the water certainly did get my goat. In about half-an-hour back it came. But this time the explanation came with it and from sheer relief we laughed so hard we nearly split ourselves. It seems the patrol was towing some mine-sweepers (not boats, but devices attached to the ships for cutting the wires that tether the floating mines) and they resembled periscopes in a procession through the water. The first time, on account of the tricks of the fog, we had seen nothing but one of these mine-sweepers. It was just before daylight, and very dark.

"Another day we all but went slam-bang on the rocks while steaming full speed ahead in a dense fog. We might have been wrecked on a very lonely part of the coast where we'd probably have lost all hands: but the lookout saw the white crests of the waves just in time and shouted, and we changed our course and escaped by so narrow a margin that the rocks grazed the side of the ship the instant after we turned.

"One of the transports dropped a dead horse overboard. It floated with one leg up—which looked for all the world like a periscope.

"Horsemeat sometimes figures in the bill-of-fare, and it's not bad. For breakfast we get jam, bread and tea. For dinner, beef, potatoes, green peas, duff. For tea, jam tart or duff, bread and butter, jam and tea. For supper the same thing. It's very monotonous and the jam is often a lame excuse. The men in the trawlers will eat anything. They are

fishermen mainly, and what they don't know about the behavior of the sea nobody knows.

"Sailors of the British Navy and our own get on famously together. Sometimes those who have never left their own right little, tight little island wait a bit before they give the glad hand to an American. They want to see him tried out to find what he can do. But as soon as he makes good they come round all right. Those who have seen a bit of the world don't need to be told why America is in it, or what Americans are like, and they warm up to us from the start.

"The American device for detecting the approach of a submarine a long way off commands great respect. Nobody's much the wiser when we've sunk a submarine. Sometimes divers are sent down who make their report to the commander, but he keeps it under his hat. One morning at daybreak we picked up two aviators floating on pontoons—an American and an Englishman. They had been in the water for five days. Often we met lifeboats and wreckage showing where the subs have been busy.

"Admiral Sims is a fine boss to work for. He knows his own mind; he's a firm disciplinarian; the British understand and like him. He has no use for the gold-braid, red-tape kind of sailor, and he knows the game from A to Z. You can see the sort of man he is by looking at him—cool, quiet, methodical, 100 per cent efficient, and every inch the sailor and the gentleman. There's nothing soft or sloppy in his make-up. He looks the way a sea-breeze feels. He

lives on the job and he knows what's going on. When the man highest up is like that, it means the right morale all the way down the ladder to the bottom rung—where I live, and thousands just like me."

At a meeting in Brockley, arranged by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Gerald L. Perry described the sinking of a Norwegian bark by a Hun submarine on August 4, 1918. The crew took to the three boats. Two of these sank in a gale on the night following. The remaining boat capsized and lost its supplies of food and water. Its nine occupants lived in it for six days with nothing to eat or drink. When the men were almost maddened by their sufferings, the captain ordered that the dog they had brought with them should be killed, that they might drink its blood. Even in their dire extremity, the men could not bear to put the little animal to death. Unable to understand, its pleading eyes looked into theirs and it tried to slake its own thirst by licking the moisture on the side of the boat.

Finally the dog was killed, the blood was drunk, and the heart, liver and kidneys were apportioned among the nine men. The next day the remainder of the body was cut in small strips, and some of the sailors managed to eat a little. After they had drifted for a week a patrol boat spied them, and relieved their distress. Finally it landed them at one of the institutes of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in South Wales, where they were given the welcome and the comfort they deserved.

At a British Empire Union meeting in Hyde Park, Arnold White told a story of the sinking of the *Hampshire* with Kitchener.

"Twenty-four hours before the voyage," he said, "it was decided to alter the course of the *Hampshire* to enable a visit to be made to the Grand Fleet. On that day a cablegram was sent to Holland expressed in clear English. It read: 'Shall Herbert enter the legal academy next December?' The first censor, a young man, passed it, but the second censor, not quite so young, wondered why the sender had gone to the expense of cabling the word 'the.' The answer to his query is this: The initials of the words in the cable spell 'Shetland,' and it was off the Orkneys that Kitchener met his death."

"Kitchener's murder is one of the great proofs of the existence of a vast, ably organized, and wonderful machine in our midst, for the purpose of downing England," was the speaker's deduction.

Sailors have long memories. They will not forget what Germany has done at sea.

Men of the negro race, whether they hail from Senegal or Alabama, share with the Irish the distinction of being the humorists of the Front, as well as splendid fighters.

One of the "Y" secretaries, Edward B. Schumacher, has collected numerous examples of their conscious or unconscious humor, and many a gathering of weary "doughboys" at the "Y" huts has been enlivened by a broadside of his anecdotes, which pos-

sess the merit, in most cases, of coming from his own enlarging store of personal experience.

A negro soldier, who was asked if he had been inoculated answered: "I'se been assassinated (vaccinated), I'se done had celluloid (varioid), and now dey tells me I'se a mute (immune)."

A captain who was having a dreadful time to get his men to distinguish between right face and left face, finally broke out with, "It's lucky you-all's goin' in de cavalry. De horse'll know which way to go when you-all don't!"

"Niggah!" said another captain to a private who was exceptionally obtuse, though his good humor gleamed from ear to ear, "you is suttinly de biggest bonehead I has evah seen in mah whole life! I'se done tole you all I know, and you don't know nuthin'!"

"Say boss, I want to enlist!" announseed a raw applicant.

"You don't say! What arm of the service do you prefer?"

"What which?" said the darkey, putting his curved hand behind his ear.

"What do you want to enlist in?"

"I wants in de infantry."

"Well, this is the navy. Why not try the navy?"

"No sir-ee, boss! Not by no means! When I'se in de infantry a big shell busts and here I is. When I'se on a ship a big shell busts, and den I axe you—where is I?"

Mr. Sothern tells a story that makes a hit with those who have traveled about France at brief notice till they have a "cache" of soiled linen piled up in many a market town and never a clean shirt or collar to their names.

He was with Winthrop Ames, the noted theatrical manager, when a doughboy asked:

"Where'd you fellows come from?"

"Tours."

"Gee! I wish I'd 'a' known that. I'd 'a' got you to bring my laundry."

Floyd Gibbons, the plucky *Chicago Tribune* correspondent whose left eye was recently destroyed by a machine-gun bullet, gave me a description of the wanderings of his beautiful shirts and socks about France that is as humorous a monologue as I have heard for a long time.

Amid all the soul-searing awfulness a man catches eagerly at the lighter, brighter side of existence.

It alleviates the horrors of a gas attack when a jolly Yank assures his mates that the Americans now have a gas so powerful that it gets into the German pay-books and kills the next of kin.

The cloud of a gray landing day is given a silver lining when a British Tommy walks up to one of our trucks and gravely chalks a "T" at the end of the name "Atlas."

"I've a little Scotch in me," said one of our boys by way of making conversation with a "Y" man whose name began with "Mac."

"Yes. I smell it on your breath!" was the somewhat disquieting reply.

One of the London Scottish was amazed when a boy from Maine showed him a picture of the antlered monarch of the Maine woods, and told him it was a moose.

"A moose, mon? A moose? In the de'il's name, hoo big air yer rats?"

When one walks along the Strand and finds in the jostling cosmopolitan throng from the ends of the earth, the Anzacs flocking by threes with their hat-brims turned up and a look in their eyes that says it's a long, long way to Perth or Melbourne, one is reminded of the story Major Watt of the Gordon Highlanders is fond of telling.

A middle-aged woman, who was never more than twelve miles from the East End, saw a kangaroo at the Zoo in Regents Park.

"Kangaroo? What's that?" she exclaimed.

"A native of Australia, ma'am."

"A native of Australia! Mercy on us! My sister married one of those."

In one of the Strand windows depicting the marvels of life in the colonies for the temptation of the feet of young men, an Irish lad saw outspread on a plank and shining with varnish the effigy of an enormous fish.

"The man that caught that fish," he exclaimed, after a long and thoughtful contemplation, "was a dom liar!"

It was a lad from Georgia who passed on to me this remark overheard in a London 'bus when a Jew monopolized the space. "We've got you Jerusalem," said Tommy, whose own accouterments were taking much of the room, "and we've given you Brighton, but you can't have this 'bus!"

"Have you been confirmed?" said one of the valorous chaplains to the toughest character in the company, perhaps in the division, when the black sheep sought to return to the fold in solemn mood on the eve of the battle.

"Sure I've been confirmed!" was the answer. "Wanna see the mark on my arm?"

The soldier at the front is not very fond of the idea of having his place filled at home. He likes to know that a vacancy is yawning for him. So he relishes the description of the man who refused to heed the cries of a drowning employee in the canal outside a chocolate factory. Instead the man who might have been rescuer ran at top speed to the employment bureau and put in his application for the place. "Too late," said the manager gruffly. "The fellow who pushed him in has it."

CHAPTER X

IN THE HOSPITAL

I VISITED a hospital in Paris where for three weeks our doctors had averaged six hours of sleep per man a week.

It was early evening. A convoy had just come in from the fierce battling in the Château-Thierry sector.

On both sides of the corridors, on stretchers, lay wounded men awaiting their turn in the operating room.

A finer spirit I have never found among soldiers.

A boy who had both eyes shot out by a bullet that traveled from side to side of his head said, when the doctor asked him how he felt:

"Got a cold in my head, Doc. It bothers me."

Another lad who was blinded in both eyes said cheerily:

"Well, I guess it's me for a tin cup on the corner."

A civil engineer whose leg had been amputated and a boy who had both legs fractured became the best of friends. They had met in the field hospital.

When the civil engineer came out from under the ether after the operation by which they removed his

leg, his chief interest was in the arrangement of the pulleys that raised his chum's legs. He described the ideal system and suggested a number of improvements.

Then when he saw the Dakin-Carrel system of tubes installed, he exclaimed: "Why didn't I study irrigation, instead of civil engineering, so that I could fix you up?"

Rarely does one hear a murmur of complaint.

The first thing they say when they are brought in is generally:

"For Heaven's sake, give me something to eat."

It is not said in a despairing tone. It is the expression of the normal, healthy American appetite, which is more concerned about getting a square meal than about losing a limb.

The next remark, in reply to a doctor's question, is likely to be:

"I feel fine—I want to get to bed."

Every man wants to get off the litter and into a cot as soon as may be. And no wonder!

Once abed, the docile patient wants the war news and the papers.

"If they see good news," one of the doctors said to me, "they will lie there singing and whistling all day long."

On the table by the bed will be found treasures most carefully guarded. Perhaps they are in the little drawer along with the last letter from home and the bag of Bull Durham. These treasures are the frag-

ments of shrapnel or the bullets that did the mischief.

If a man cannot have at his bed's head the Prussian Guard's helmet, or the field telephone, or the Luger pistol, or the watch, or the belt-buckle with "Gott mit uns" that he took from the Hun, he is as anxious as a cat over her kittens, and he wants to be assured that these bulky souvenirs are in a safe place awaiting his recovery.

But the small jagged fragment of steel that lit into his leg or his head or his abdomen—and isn't it wonderful that so small a piece could do so much harm?—he may keep by him as a constant reminder.

When he gets home, one can easily imagine how father or mother will turn over the hateful object under the evening lamp, asking questions of their hero as to how it happened.

The boys always call the things that hit them "Jerries," as they have come to call the individual Boche "Jerry" instead of "Fritz." The doctors may learnedly refer to these objects as "foreign bodies" if they like, but their patients prefer the jocose nickname that seems to have come from Macedonia where it was applied by British Tommies to the Bulgars.

Into Base Hospital No. 2 in Paris there came on July 18th a number of men who had seen women chained to the German machine-guns. They also saw snipers chained in the trees.

One sniper in a tree was firing with a Luger pistol. Another man at the foot of the tree exposed himself and drew fire of our machine-guns, in order to locate

the position of these guns, while the man in the tree was covering him.

Five of our fellows went after the sniper on the ground.

They got him, and then they invited the man in the tree to descend.

He was unable to do so.

The reason? He was chained at his post.

It is impossible to say too much of the sympathy shown by the "Y" men and the clerks from the American Army offices in Paris who after long hard working-days turn out and carry men in stretchers from the ambulances into the wards, perhaps all night long. It is exhausting labor, for it often means carrying the wounded man up four or five flights.

The army nurses—bless them—often spend a month's salary buying cigarettes, matches and chocolates for their charges.

The "walking cases"—the men slightly wounded who are able to get about—want to know how soon they can get a pass to see Paris.

When the melancholy necessity arises a military funeral service is held in the chapel, with marines and French soldiers detailed to attend. Roman Catholic or Protestant, the soldier has the form of service of his affiliation.

The boy who lost the Iron Cross he took from his Boche captive was inconsolable. The loss of a limb was a minor misfortune.

"They got my eye and I got this," said a brave lad



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"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SAY?"

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as he took a machine-gun bullet from a saucer on the table. "You see, it was a fair exchange."

"I saw men chained to machine-guns," he added a moment later.

The soldier in the next cot spoke up:

"My cousin saw women chained to the machine guns of the Boches," he said.

I have now heard the testimony from several quarters, and it seems incontrovertible.

The doctor of whom I saw most, I noted, called his patients "Bud," and they never called him anything but "Doc." It was typical of the pleasant relations between the wounded and those who ministered to them.

Small things are sometimes significant. As this doctor and I were leaving a Paris restaurant, he helped a stranger put on his coat, without giving the matter a second thought. The Frenchman turned to a man sitting at a nearby table and said:

"Those Americans are the best of the Allies."

I was sitting at a table with another surgeon in a public restaurant. He noticed that the waitress had a felon on her finger.

"Come to my office at 2.30 and I will dress it for you," he told her.

Her gratitude was all the reward he asked. That is why America is welcome in France.

Wherever I have found the American soldier wounded in a hospital, I have found him eager to get back into the fighting.

One man in the trenches who had his teeth on a plate and was afraid of being laid up for repairs at a hospital, fixed up a mouthpiece on his own account with rubber and string.

When the wounded soldier has finally reached the hospital, after the agony of waiting in No Man's Land and then being transported by stretcher, ambulance, train, ambulance again, and stretcher again, he may be in a dull lethargy, not caring much or knowing much beyond the cessation of motion, the white walls, the blank ceiling, the deft ministrations and kind voices of the nurses, the comings and goings and shufflings in the corridors.

It is strange not to have the stabbing punctuation of the artillery in every other sentence when he speaks.

It is a comfort to summon an orderly for a drink of water, to greet the doctor who puts in a smiling countenance of inquiry.

Of course every nurse is an angel of light. Who shall bestow on the Army Nurse her due need of praise? If she is tired out she never "lets on." She seems to have no troubles of her own. She holds the anæsthetics for operations that blanch the cheek of the civilian bystander. She is calm and self-possessed and 100 per cent efficient amid the sights and sounds of the charnel-house. The flow of blood does not unnerve her, and yet she is not hardened beyond pity. Tenderness and gentleness and the compassion that proceeds at once to measures of practical relief are qualities she never loses.

The one fear of the American soldier in hospital is that he may lose the military unit to which he was assigned if he is side-tracked too long.

In that admirable quarterly periodical "Reveille," of John Galsworthy's editing, of which the first number appeared in August—a periodical devoted to the disabled sailor and soldier—a writer who signs himself "Nil Desperandum" has this to say of life in the hospital:

"When first I lay in hospital there were long periods when I could hardly determine that I had feelings. I had a pretty severe wound, and, as often happens, the shock acted as an anæsthetic, both physically and mentally. Though always conscious, and only slightly delirious at rare intervals, I existed much of the time in a dull and not discontented state of mind, incapable of receiving acute impressions, at any rate, for long."

Many a soldier will say that "Nil Desperandum" writes from inside knowledge when he says:

"I had lost my regiment, and belonged nowhere as a thing of use, and was lonely.

"The temptation to call the orderly or night sister to bring a drink, chiefly for the sake of having a word with someone, was pretty strong.

"The convoys used to come in at night. The ward might be almost empty for days, and then in one night every bed would fill up, and there would be men lying in the corridors, and sitting by twos or threes on the beds, waiting for their turn to be

dressed and sent on elsewhere. Those were not good nights. The noise of ambulances rolling up outside, and stretcher parties tramping in, seemed endless. And the almost soundless bustle that went on for hours after the new men had come and the noise had stopped was almost as bad."

Another writer, A. G. Baker, superintendent of Queen Mary's Workshops, Brighton, descants feelingly on the dangers of becoming "hospitalized." Mr. Galsworthy himself discusses the problem at length after his own eloquent and convincing fashion.

"There is always the danger," he says, "of the disabled man existing for the sake of the system which is to cure him. Administrators, aware of this danger, will endeavor by every means not to enfold the disabled man till he becomes as some lost soul wandering from door to door within the vast barrack of the House of Restoration.

"Hospital life is an ideal foster-mother of lethargy, mental and physical. With few exceptions, the wounded man in hospital is rusting mentally: he is, automatically, encouraged thereto by every condition of his life—the lassitude left by severe strain, hard work, and pain; the helplessness of his body; the monotony of the routine; the very care with which he is tended; his eagerness to have finished with it and get out, which would destroy him if it did not soon turn to stoic apathy; anxiety about his future, presently reduced perforce to a don't-care mood; aim-

less walks and amusements in his hours of leave; lack of any say in his own fate. All these conditions soon dry up his mental energy. He becomes what is called 'hospitalized.' "

I visited St. Dunstan's, the wonderful school for men blinded in battle, at Regent's Park.

The house is owned by Otto H. Kahn, of New York, who has given the use of it to Sir Arthur Pearson.

Sir Arthur himself—as the world knows—is blind. The famous journalist was told in 1910 that he was doomed to lose his sight. "Very well, then," he said, "I will see as much of the world as I can before the night comes."

He traveled far and wide, roamed in the Alps—and in 1913 the prediction came true and the darkness set in.

He received me standing by the fireplace in a big room where he kept the minds and fingers of several secretaries flying. A man of intense, irrepressible energy, the influence of his example is a quickening force in the lives of every one of the several hundred blind men by whom he is surrounded.

He talks quickly and copiously, but to the point. "I will not have my guests referred to as 'afflicted,'" he said. "They are normal men who have lost their sight.

"You will see as you go about that from the start we train them to be self-reliant.

"The strips of linoleum on the floor guide their feet; the hand-rails, with the buttons to give warning when they are near the steps, likewise aid them.

"We do not want them to depend on a nurse's arm. They are to stand and walk on their own feet.

"Each man is given a typewriter, and he learns to use it. When he leaves he takes it with him. He gets a house, a bit of ground and a pension—and generally he marries happily.

"He has learned while here to tend a garden, or build a cabinet, or weave a rug, or cobble a shoe, or do something else that will always have a value in the open market.

"He may come here not wanting to live, but he soon takes the tune of the establishment. He finds all about him men who once felt the same way. As they have done he can do. And—he does!"

I stood with one of the blind men "watching" a tug-of-war. "Would you mind telling me how you lost your sight?" I asked. "Certainly not!" he responded blithely. "After I was taken prisoner by the Germans one of the guards swung around with his rifle and hit me a clip on the back of the head with the butt of it."

I am told by an eminent war surgeon that the "cuneus," or wedge behind the brain, is the sight center and that a blow of the sort described would have the effect indicated.

"But while I could see," he continued, "I saw the

German Red Cross nurses spitting at our men and throwing bottles at them.

"One of the guards struck a Belgian prisoner with a saber and nearly cut him in two."

As one passed about the building the sounds of singing and whistling were always in the air, as though it were a cage of human canaries.

You looked down the workshops and the benches presented an animated scene, in which the only unbelievable thing was that the wielders of saws and files and hammers, the markers and measurers could not see.

A band played "Over There" with all the verve of musicians who have no handicap. In her address awarding prizes to the winners of the athletic competitions Lady Henry M. Stanley struck the note of feeling that was universal with those of us who could see, when she said that the men who had given their eyes for their country in France had caused a light to shine and were teaching us all to behold precious things that had been invisible.

CHAPTER XI

A NUMBER OF THINGS

"PLEASE, sir, we want to order a real meal. Could you help us?"

Who could resist such a plea from two of our boys in khaki at a station restaurant? They had a few days' leave, and they were beginning by squandering their hard-earned substance on food as different as possible from the "chow" of the trenches.

I understood very well the helpless feeling that comes over the American doughboy when for the first time he faces one of those violet ink menus full of outlandish terms for what turn out to be fairly familiar dishes.

When his eye lights upon "rosbif rôti" he feels like a mariner who sights known land at last: and he is not inclined to criticise the repetition of the phrase.

"Bifteck," too, sounds like an old acquaintance.

"Mouton" he can guess at.

"Agneau" and "poulet" are puzzles.

When they see him wrestling with the queer names, his neighbors are more than willing to help him.

The sailor with the red plush knob atop of his



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white cap, like a plum in a cake, and the zouave with the rakish fez call across the aisle when he orders "lemonade" that he must ask for "citrons pressés," or else he will get bottled lemon soda.

If he has neglected to provide himself with a bread coupon, they will give him one of theirs.

The waitress herself, talking and reaching thirteen ways at once, is never too preoccupied to translate "saucisson," "champignons," "veau," "gigot" and the other mysteries—even if her translation leads the seeker after knowledge deeper into the woods than ever.

She rushes about, always with a smile like the American himself, thanking everybody for nothing, her feet never still, her tongue never resting. Does she know the picture she makes, with her bobbed hair and silver earrings, her face as red as the red of the flag above the window? At any rate she has no time to survey herself in the mirror that widens the cramped café to the ample dimensions of a banquet hall.

Every restaurant in France seems to have for cashier a thoughtful, portly woman of middle age who cannot be persuaded that the viands cost too much, and who keeps on the desk a vase of ferns and roses.

The French written "5" on a long slanting curve looks so much like a 1!

The doughboy wonders why he should be charged 35 centimes for nothing at all named "couvert."

He learns that this is the cost of the place at table.

He is grieved at a ten per cent addition to his check

(which is itself called an "addition," he finds) until he learns that the supplemental charge is a war-tax.

"Potage," he soon learns, is soup. He gets it in a bowl, densely inhabited by string beans. It is good.

"Hors d'œuvre"?—does this really mean that the French are down to eating horse-meat?

What is a "légume"?

And what is a "poisson"?

Well, we believe in trying everything once. We will point things out on the bill of fare, pronounce them as best we can, and trust to luck.

"Fromage"? Why, it's cheese!

"Dessert"? What are these little green pods? Fresh almonds. A nice pudding with raisins in it, cold, made with lots of cream, would "go good just about now." "O boy! Quit talking that way! You make me homesick."

Water? Don't trust it. Mineral water is cheap, though perhaps somewhat sulphurous. Vittel? Vichy? "Ce que vous voulez," says the waitress. Chocolate? Coffee? Tea? The most abstemious must concede that in the light wines, white or red, the percentage of alcohol is so small as to be next to negligible.

Don't trust the town pump, or the innocent-looking stream, or the squatty, dirty carafe on the washstand in the carpetless village inn. If you are in the fighting zone remember that it is the most highly infected area anywhere on earth. You may be drinking a dead Hun.

The doughboy would give a lot to sit down to a

breakfast of oatmeal, milk, buckwheat cakes and sausages such as mother used to set before him in Keene, New Hampshire, or Bridgeport, Connecticut.

He would put his soul in pawn for a real, live orange such as he used to take for granted in Spokane, Pasadena, Omaha or Dubuque—big as a full moon at sea, and lusciously succulent. This sad little wizened fruit is in danger of losing itself in the twist of tissue paper it lives in, and the peel is nearly half an inch thick. And the price! O my! And pay-day half a month away!

But the problem is, when roaming through a French city, to get any breakfast at all. The wayfaring soldier goes at eight or nine o'clock to a "grill" or "café" that advertises meals at all hours, and he finds a girl with a towel round her head mopping the floor, and the chairs piled atop of one another in the wet like a wreck of the night before.

At the rate of about 100 kilometres an hour (and who knows how long a kilometre is in terms of the measured mile?) she embarks on an address which from her animated manner would seem to be important.

Out in the middle of the street under the statue of somebody who was born in the town four centuries ago the hungry one accosts a colored M. P. from Georgia. Red letters on a black band round his arm denote his high rank as custodian of military morals and guardian of the public against the high-speed maneuvers of motor-truck drivers who may have

been on the road so many hours that one wonders they don't fall asleep over the wheel.

The M. P. has been in the country six weeks come yistiddy. He says that the girl means there are no "oofs" or "caffy" to be had until eleven o'clock.

You were supposed to have had your hunk of war-bread and your cup of coffee betimes, in the seclusion of your room at the Hotel de L'Agriculture or the Hotel splendide Palace, with "comfort moderne" and Gas on Every Story.

Then you spy an old woman with a cart, and there are small green (but soft and good) peaches on it amid the onions and the tomatoes, and there is a sign saying "1.60 f (or 1.70 f or 2 f) demi-k." A benevolent, bearded Frenchman who has a sister who spent three months in Detroit—how small the world is!—informs you that this means you can buy a "demi-kilo" for the price—whatever a demi-kilo is. When you are older in the metric system you discover that a "demi-kilo" is just a little more than the good old American pound of our irrational avoirdupois.

The precise weight is a matter of tremendous concern to the little old lady who pushes the barrow.

She puts in a peach that makes the side of the barrow sit down too suddenly.

She then tries another peach, and another, until the balance barely descends. (Maybe she breathes hard on it to make it go down!) You get four or five small peaches in a bag made of a month-old copy of the *Petit-Parisien*. *C'est la guerre! Vive la France!*

Then you gaze longingly in the window of a shop called "Pâtisserie." You wonder what it means. Is "Pâtisserie" the proprietor of a chain of stores?

(One of the black men from Georgia said that the name of the railway station, as far as he could tell from the only sign in sight, was "Eau Potable.")

"Pâtisserie" in war-time seems to mean these things:

Items 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7: Glass dishes containing small pieces of black rubber boot-heels, picked out with denatured nuts. Price, a franc and a half for about an eighth of a boot-heel.

Let the gentle reader believe me that I am not making fun of these little shops and the little shop-keepers. After lean years of hardship and suffering, who blames them if their hearts jump up at the chance to make a little money? They can't get sugar. They do their ingenious best with all manner of substitutes. They make as brave a showing in the shop-window as their poilus do at the Front. Prices are often such as to make the new arrival catch his breath and whistle it out again. But then, one does not have to buy. And the price is plainly marked on the article. And Madame may have drained to the very dregs the cup of woe, though from the street it looks like business as usual. You will find, if you come in an open-handed, open-hearted way, that these little humble folk belong in many cases to the ranks of the shining ones, the heroines who go to nameless graves after faithful lives, the salt of the earth, the

soul of a race. But Madame the shopkeeper does not mind a little laugh over her clever camouflage (O incomparably trite and incomparably useful word!) of the small-town shop-window. She will join in the mirth, while she rakes in the sous and thriftily puts them by for the better day that is to come "après la guerre" toward which the great and lowly alike aspire.

There are small disks done up in glittering tinfoil which firmly intend to be chocolate, and crumble in the mouth like something between sawdust and sweetened gravel. There are little tubes of a powder that is first cousin to red pepper or snuff. Then those cakes—like lady-fingers rolled flat—brown and tough, twenty centimes per! It takes a dog's teeth to wrench off a morsel. Madame's fox terrier, with a purple mangy spot on the small of his back and a heavy leather muzzle capping his opposite pole, sits watching you, and Madame beams upon you from the high throne of her "caisse" when you give his expectant fangs through the straps of his mask a "petit morceau."

Petit morceau? We are getting on with our French, eh what, n'est ce pas?

Pas bon. (Somebody worked off on us another of those Napoleon III francs, or a lead counterfeit thinly glazed with silver, and our blissful ignorance attempted to pass it on.)

Eh bien!

Alors.

Toot sweet.

N'a plus. (This reminder that there is no more, which so often attaches to what we most covet at the restaurant, is, of course, Tommy's "Napoo," signifying "Finis," which he may scribble in chalk on a wrecked locomotive or apply to the supreme solemnity of the passage of a soul to the skies.)

Bon jour.

Au revoir.

No comprend.

Only shout these phrases loudly enough, and you can get along in any restaurant. For then they will open up on you with faultless, idiomatic English that makes you feel rather like a fool after you have been struggling so hard to put across your parley-voos.

Then there are the little boxes containing almonds, nutless hazel-nuts, raisins and discouraged figs. You can crack the nuts on the sidewalk under your heel as you saunter along gazing at the postal cards of France welcoming "Sammy," or trying to ascertain whether the *New York Herald*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the American edition of the *Daily Mail* in the wire racks at the doorways are of to-day's or last week's vintage.

There is a Red Cross Canteen which I visited while waiting for the "Atterbury Special" close to midnight at Dijon. This canteen is open all round the clock. The women who run it, and the same thing is true of the other canteens, work till they can barely stand, when a rush is on, heedless of aught but the hungry, thirsty, weary boys who have come off the box-cars.

From one of these "8 horses, 40 men" cars one of the boys yelled cheerily:

"We've got the 40 men aboard, all right. Now bring on your horses!"

I took down the price list.

For breakfast it offered coffee or chocolate, two eggs, fruit or jam, and bread for a franc (18 cents).

For a "meal" you could have soup, coffee, meat and two vegetables for a franc and a half, or you might substitute a salad for one of the vegetables.

The "à la carte" menu ran:

| | |
|---------------------------|------------|
| Coffee | 10 c (2¢) |
| Café au Lait..... | 20 c (4¢) |
| Chocolate | 20 c (4¢) |
| Cold Drinks..... | 10 c (2¢) |
| Two Eggs..... | 60 c (12¢) |
| Slice Bread..... | 05 c (1¢) |
| Salad | 15 c (3¢) |
| Dessert | 25 c (5¢) |
| Ice Cream..... | 25 c (5¢) |
| Sandwiches (All Kinds) .. | 25 c (5¢) |
| Meat with Vegetables | 75 c (15¢) |
| Two Doughnuts..... | 25 c (5¢) |

There were fifty shower-baths.

There was a place to shave and wash.

There was a room to write letters or read, with an assortment of books and magazines.

There was an emergency hospital.



From Bureau of Photographs, American Red Cross

"AND CRULLERS TOO, BY GOSH!"

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There were cots to be had over-night for nothing.

All the women at work in this canteen were from America.

When the trains are met, for the benefit of those for whom it is merely a station-halt, bread and butter and coffee with milk and sugar in it are served at the car-windows or on the platform without charge.

The boys themselves turn in to help with a will. The Red Cross women speak with enthusiasm of the efficiency and the politeness of these volunteer helpers and of the manifest appreciation of all whom they serve.

One of the boys amused himself in my hearing with a little calculation. He had been in the restaurant business himself in New York, and he was a specialist in food prices.

"The eggs cost them 14 cents a pair," he said. "The bread is 3 cents for half a pound. The butter is 3 cents. Often you get prunes with cream, costing 6 cents. The coffee is served with milk and sugar, and they give you ham as an extra if they have it. All this for a franc! And this makes no allowance for all the overhead charges of service, transportation and kitchen assistance."

A week before my visit to this canteen I had been at a café close to the front in Nancy, the best in the city. The very atmosphere was surcharged with espionage. The part of wisdom was to keep one's mouth shut, for it was impossible to tell which one

of the well-dressed ladies within earshot was in the pay of the Germans.

Some of the items on the menu were priced as follows:

Omelet, plain $2\frac{1}{4}$ franc (40¢); melon (slice), 2 francs (36¢); grilled salmon, 5 francs (90¢); half a lobster, 12 and 18 francs (\$2.16 or \$3.24); steak with potatoes soufflée, 12 francs (\$2.16); ice cream (meaning an indifferent dab of ice water), 2 francs (36¢).

At a leading hotel in Paris this was the bill for Sunday evening supper. The repast could scarcely be called sybaritic:

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Couvert (i.e., place at table) | 1 fr. 25 |
| Thick soup | 2 fr. 50 |
| Filet of sole..... | 5 fr. |
| Compote (stewed fruit).. | 3 fr. |
| War tax | 1 fr. 10 |

Total 12 fr. 85 (or about \$2.31)

But one may procure a satisfactory dinner in Paris with a light wine or mineral water included for 6 francs.

For the benefit of the bibulous it may be noted that at Epernay champagne may be bought at the cellars for 5 francs. At Havre the same champagne costs 20.22 and 25 francs.

At Meaux I paid 4 francs for a room, 3.50 for breakfast, and 4.50 for dinner.

In Paris rooms were 18 and 22 francs a day. Half the sum might have secured satisfactory quarters. But I was back from the trenches and wanted baths.

At a famous old chop-house in London a luncheon of vegetable soup, steak and kidney pudding, vegetables, boiled ginger pudding and bread is served for two shillings and sixpence. As the fruit crop of 1918 was an utter failure, though there were bumper crops of cereals, fruit in England costs a great deal more than in France. Plums that used to be a penny a pound, or fourteen pounds for a shilling, were selling at the rate of half-a-crown for a pound. Green-gages that cost eight pence for eight pounds in 1917 were this year unprocurable. Loganberries went up from six pence to half-a-crown per pound. Cherries rose from four pence to the same price. Apples cost a shilling and eighteen pence, instead of two pence or three pence a pound. Apples and pears in the few districts where there was a crop were sold on the trees at three hundred pounds an acre for the fruit alone.

Cheese was almost unprocurable. Butter sent from Denmark was liable to be improperly refrigerated. Milk was for babies and invalids. Stores whose turnover in candy was less than twenty per cent of their trade were forbidden to sell "sweets," unless the rental was under forty pounds, and many a small candy-shopkeeper who might have profited by the ruling

could not get the chocolate or the sugar, so that of fifty glass jars, forty-nine might be standing empty awaiting an invoice and the fiftieth be partly filled with peppermints or acid drops.

Yet it cannot be said that in France and England, the American soldier or the German prisoner have felt the pinch of hunger. Certainly the men at the front have good food and plenty of it. I have messed with them at no notice, and I know what they get to eat.

One word more, while the talk is of food. It is of the utmost importance that the bacon and ham we send from America should be properly cured—with neither too much salt nor too little. It has discouraged many a British housekeeper to find the bacon so salty that even a preliminary boiling does not make it palatable.

It is quickly seen that the typical French café spills far out over the sidewalk and consists largely of small round tables with tall, dark bottles, blue siphons, and people clustered about them—

“For to admire and for to see,
For to behold this world so wide.”

The doughboy discovers that the girls who ogle him when he sits down at one of these tables, or sidle up to him as he saunters along the boulevard, are more than willing to talk to him, and more than anxious to marry him for the sake of a separation-allowance if not for his personal charm.

He wants to believe that he is loved for his own sake. The illusion is sometimes difficult to sustain.

Most of the flirtations between our men and the girls who run after uniforms do not cross the line between the platonic and the plutonic.

But some poor fellows pass through the scorching cycle of experience that Kipling has set forth in "The Vampire."

There are seaport towns in France that could teach refinements in sin to Sodom, Gomorrah and Port Said.

Hence the stringent regulations as to permits, leaves and bounds. Hence the prophylactic measures. Hence the M. P. swinging their clubs in the moonlight, and keeping unspoiled lads away from places where they might be drugged, robbed, and thrown out in the street as carelessly as the butt of a cigarette.

A ten-inch gun is a terrible thing. So is mustard gas. So is a bomb dropped from an aeroplane.

So is a microbe measuring less than the millionth part of an inch.

God bless the "Y" hut, the Red Cross canteen, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, the K. of C., the Christian Science reading-rooms with their flowers and cheerful stationery, and all other counteracting agencies that slap a man on the shoulder at the psychological instant between heaven and hell, and promise to give him back to his home fit to look in the eyes of the woman he loves.

That's what the letter from home means.

It means love triumphant over lust, over hell, over death.

It sweeps into the discard the black night in the trenches, the eerie woods, the squelching, seeping mud, the frostbite, the rain, the poison gas, the screaming shells, the jammed discomfort of the box-cars, the hour-after-hour foodlessness when supplies are cut off by the enemy artillery, the tossing fever and the twisting vigil of the hospital cot, the bloody agony of the open field or the desperate battleground of one's own mysterious, incorrigible heart.

Therefore, when a letter is weeks late, it may turn a final thumb-screw of torment for the man who has received no word.

If it is months late, the waiting and wearying may have settled into a dull ache of discontent.

A lieutenant-colonel showed me a letter he had received the day before. It was a year and two days on the war-path ere it reached him. Yet there had been no extraordinary complications.

Things are getting better with the mail service all the time. One hears less and less complaint. The postal authorities are doing their level best and deserve sympathy in their immense and complex problem.

Of the reasonable and realizable desires of the American soldier in France, England or Italy, that for a letter from home is by all odds the first.

Nothing else deserves to be mentioned in the same breath.

For letters are the next thing to the presence of

the dear ones who are thinking all the time of their absent soldier. They know that in the pocket in his tunic, the pocket over his heart, which seems to be meant for that, he carries their pictures in a leather case.

What a contrast! Perhaps they are grouped on the steps of a little house in northern New York or central Alabama or the western mining country or the California gardens. The little girl has a big bow of ribbon tied in her hair and the boy fondles the dog, and the wife wears the dress he loves—he remembers that she wore it on their last walk in the woods together. "Regular chums we've always been!"

To write the answer, he has the fag-end of a pencil and a pad that has seen better days, and with all his clothes on, even to his boots, he lies on his back in his dugout with the candle guttering. The rats are squeaking and skirmishing. He is itching in so many places that he doesn't know where to scratch first. Out somewhere in front he hears the rapid patter of the Boche at his favorite machine-guns. The artillery for our side is making its enormous replies that shake the ground and jiggle the pencil.

He makes the letter as pleasant and as cheerful as he can. He passes lightly over the casualties and the deaths of his pals beside him. He says nothing of what it means to kill a man with a bayonet.

How many people at home realize that war is not drilling but killing, that it means not merely knocking

over a steeple seven miles away but thrusting inches of cold steel into the abdomen of another human being at two o'clock in the morning?

He cannot write home about that. The children must not know how ghastly a business it is. The friends and neighbors when he gets back—if he gets back—will welcome him with open arms and all their hearts as a hero, but he will not be able to put before them the awful inwardness of his experience.

General Sherman never dreamed what war was like. His march to the sea was as peaceful as a railway-survey, compared with the hideous butchery of modern warfare.

What has become of the glory? The flags are left far behind the front for safe keeping—the Canadians have put theirs round the monument of Wolfe in Westminster Abbey—and the music of the band is heard no more. Glory? He would give all the imaginary splendor for a change of clean linen.

Wouldn't it be good to get into a tub of cold water with a cake of soap?

What do those fellows at home who write about morale know of the meaning of a long forced march in the chalk-dust or the mud, with infantry-pack, tin hat, gas-mask and rifle? What do they know of waiting for hours in a scratch in the soil while the shells are falling nearer and nearer, and what do they know of the gas-alarm and the hurried adjustment of the clamps on the nose and the mouthpiece between the teeth while the Claxon is wailing? What do they



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know of the vigil hour after hour, straining eyes and ears and every nerve out into the night over No Man's Land toward the enemy, who may be creeping through the grass or the trees toward the outposts?

Perhaps it is raining, and the duck-walk underfoot is greasy with mud, and there is nothing to do but stand and wait in the dark for something to happen, for someone to come like a thief in the night to take him unaware.

To be shelled or bombed or gassed is an experience less harrowing than the continuous tension of waiting and watching. And he who has ambled through the trenches merely by day with cigarettes and pleasant words to the boys from home has but a faint conception of the difference when the dark comes, and the rain, and the utter, appalling loneliness, with nothing to do but to think and to imagine.

Second in the list of realizable desires, at a long, long distance, is tobacco.

Until the "Y" decided to sacrifice some \$3,000,000 a year, and met the prices of the quartermaster's stores for tobacco, the one "kick" the soldier had against the "Y" was that he had to pay more for his Fatimas, Lucky Strikes, Camels, Sweet Caporals, Murads, Star, Prince Albert, Bull Durham or Velvet at the "Y" canteen than he paid at the Q. M.'s stores or at the Red Cross canteens, which were selling at a loss.

Our men bear witness without a dissenting voice to the "infirmability," as the French would call it, of

the French tobacco. They smoke it only when they can't get anything else.

If the good people at home who object to subscribing to tobacco-funds on the ground that smoking is a filthy and a demoralizing habit could only realize what a solace the "weed" is to the man in the trenches when he is destitute of every other creature-comfort, they would withhold their ill-timed objections until peace returns and there is time to pay heed to such piffing academic remonstrances. Those who are genuinely solicitous for the welfare of the soldier would do better to find some constructive and positive direction for their activity.

At any rate, the soldier is not going to stop smoking because of a peevish letter in a newspaper from some "male aunty" who wishes that the money spent for tobacco might be spent for tracts.

"Gipsy" Smith, the evangelist, who has done lots of good at the front, tells the story of a religious zealot who desired to hold a service of prayer and song and preaching for men just back from the front.

They were desperately tired and hungry: they were dirty and ragged and sleepless, and they wanted something hot to drink and a place to lie down and rest, away from the bursting shells, the rats and the "cooties."

Then they were met by the brave, good women of the Red Cross canteen.

"Put Christ into the coffee!" called a soldier to the

well-meaning preacher, as he held out a tin cup to be filled for the third time.

He did not intend a blasphemy. His words conveyed a truth which all who are trying to help the soldier in this dreadfulest of wars are bound to heed. The "Y" man or anybody else who puts the formal and stated exercises of religion (which have their own rightly-established place in the warrior's life) ahead of the practical beneficence of the Good Samaritan is making the sad mistakes that are due to a limited vision or to the utter absence of vision.

"Put Christ in the coffee!"

CHAPTER XII

JOURNALISM AT THE FRONT AND THE CENSORSHIP

THE true history of the war cannot be written by a historian who does not possess a complete file of "the official newspaper of the A. E. F." which carries the proud title, *The Stars and Stripes*, wears at the masthead the slogan "By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.," and is published every Friday for the benefit of the company funds of the subscribers, with Captain Guy Viskniskki as the editor and general manager.

This paper contrives to present not merely the literal record of the day's work in war, as some juiceless, desiccated official communiqué might set it forth, but the real fiber of our fighting forces and the authentic atmosphere that envelops them whether in trench or rest-camp, whether toiling at a base port among mules and locomotives or surrounded by clicking typewriters in Paris, whether running ambulances down an unseen road in the dead of night or operating the electric light for hour after hour in a hospital.

It carries a half-page cartoon in each issue of characteristic scenes from the life of the doughboy. It has half-tone photographs of troops on the march

or arriving, that give no valuable hint to the enemy. It carries dispatches from the States that keep the reader apprised of the military effort of the people at home behind our men in the field.

It bristles with humorous anecdote fresh from the scene of operations; it has sketches grave or gay from practiced pens; it has a column of poetry as serious or as frivolous as you please; it has funny drawings—and its advertising columns are the index of prosperity. The editorials go off with a biff and a bang like shells exploding. They swing out from the shoulder and hew to the line. It is distinctly a newspaper, not for pink-tea mollicoddles but for real, live men who are making war and do not care who knows it.

At this writing the circulation of *The Stars and Stripes*, growing at the rate of 10,000 a week, is nearing the 200,000 mark. An Australian trench newspaper, longer established, claims a circulation of 250,000. The Australians cannot get their home newspapers as soon as our boys receive them, and their trench journal, to some extent, supplies this lack.

Volume I, No. 1 of a somewhat pretentious literary magazine appeared in Paris in August, 1918. It is to be published bi-monthly with the title *Overseas*. It has a more detached, objective, impersonal standpoint than *The Stars and Stripes*, and affords scope for the talents of philosophers and poets who choose to deal with martial themes. The illustrations are excellent.

Plane News is put out by the Air Service, and is a distinctly creditable publication. Of course, a newspaper that deals with an arm of the service so highly technical must be particularly careful not to displease the censor by giving away valuable information and *Plane News*, like other journals of its class, is addicted to humorous personalia, good-natured banter and harmless pen-pictures of camp life and field experience.

The Radiator is of, by and for the enlisted men of the Ambulance Service. The editors are privates and N. C. O.'s. The paper, which comes out weekly—and comes out even, with no financial profit to those who run it—carries no advertising, is free to enlisted men, and costs the outsider 30 centimes (6 cents) a copy.

The men in the front line trenches have too many engagements to permit of operating linotypes and running presses; their newspapers are set up and struck off far behind the firing line, and only in their circulation and in the source of their contributions are they "trench" newspapers. Many of the military units, large and small, publish gazettes of the type of the famous *Wipers Times*; and the sailors of many of the battleships, who are able to carry their type and their presses wherever they go, have their own ship's papers with circulation necessarily limited.

At one of the base ports, *Over Here* describes the activities of those faithful members of the S.O.S. (Service of Supplies) who in season and out of sea-

son, in all weathers, drive the motor-trucks and are responsible for the transport service. Sons of Martha indeed are these men, who are in the limelight and the headlines but seldom—and yet their work is fundamental, as any break-down or interruption of the service promptly shows. Their own paper does not fail to do justice to their patriotism and their consecration. It does not boast, but to tell the truth about them is to praise them.

The censorship is, of course, a fruitful source of jest and innuendo among the ready letter-writers and journalists. The censor's task is a thankless one. The public at large thinks he must have lots of fun reading the ardent effusions of the lovesick, the mirthful reminiscences of the company funny-man, the truthful hero-tales of the high private who hopes in a few months to be wearing the lieutenant-colonel's silver eagles.

As a matter of fact, the censor, who has a sixth sense to detect the fruit forbidden, skims so rapidly through the immense accumulation that the episodes and emotions detailed make only a slight and fugitive impression.

He has no time to set down the funny things he comes across. He grits his teeth and plows wearily through the mass, only sustained by the knowledge that he is doing his duty and painfully aware of the fact that, like the fat sheriff in "The Round-Up," nobody loves him.

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law——" and it is his business to frustrate those who babble indiscreetly of things the enemy would want to know.

"Of course, the Germans know it already," is the favorite defense of him who chafes under the censor's rulings.

If they do know, perhaps their knowledge came through just such a leak in the saucepan of the censorship as he is striving to discover and enlarge. If the censorship is strictly censorious, the enemy suffers from it more than we.

The rules that govern writers who have access to what goes on at the front are prefaced by this positive declaration:

"All information which is not helpful to the enemy may be given to the public."

The articles written for publication must meet these conditions.

1. They must be accurate in statement and implication.

2. They must not supply military information to the enemy.

3. They must not injure morale in our forces at the front, or among the people at home, or among our allies.

4. They must not embarrass the United States or her allies in neutral countries.

5. The personnel of our troops must not be identified by numbers or organization.

6. The use of the terms "National Guard," "National Army," and "Regular Army," is tabooed. "During this war we have only one Army—the United States Army."

7. It is for the censor, not the writer, to decide when the name of an individual may be used.

8. The use of the names of places is severely restricted. In this connection the time element is of importance. No sector in the Advance Zone shall be said to have American troops in it until the enemy has established the fact by taking prisoners. No town shall be so mentioned until after an engagement. No base port shall be identified by name or description. No point in the Intermediate Zone is to be indicated in a way that establishes it as a link between a base port and the front line.

9. The main "regulating station" whence troops are distributed, and the chief supply depots are not to be identified.

10. Ship movements and army plans, actual or potential are not to be discussed.

11. G. H. Q. alone has authority to release statements as to numbers of troops arriving or in training or engaged.

12. The description of the effect of the enemy's fire is reserved for the official communiqué.

13. Writers must scrupulously refrain from magnifying the deeds of our men, since this exaggeration is calculated to lessen the respect of our allies for our soldiers.

14. The dead and the wounded are to be named only when such naming, in the censor's view, subserves a useful purpose, such as that of an incentive to similar heroism.

15. The War Department must first have the opportunity of notifying the families on the basis of hospital reports.

16. Vague statements as to casualties must be eschewed as tending to alarm many persons unnecessarily. Thus, it may not be said that "A colonel was killed while personally directing the advance of his men," because immediately there is a distressing uncertainty at home as to the identity of the officer.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NEEDLE'S EYE

IT takes a deal of patience on the part of the examiner and the examined to sort out the sheep from the goats at the frontiers between America and England, England and France.

Richard Harding Davis, writing in February, 1916, said, "To-day it is as hard to leave Paris, and no one ever wants to leave Paris, as to get out of jail; as difficult to invade England as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven."

If it was an onerous task to cross the Channel two or three years ago, it is a process still more arduous to-day.

Of course, you know very well who you are, and of course, it is preposterous that anybody should doubt you when you haven't the least doubt about yourself. But let that man or woman who chafes and grows fretful under the repeated official interrogation put himself or herself in the place of the interrogator who must keep his wits on the alert, day in, day out, year in, year out, to catch that spy who once in so often—though the world never hears of it—is trapped and led away to punishment, perhaps to execution.

It is part of the rôle of the spy to assume with plausibility the air of outraged innocence. It is part of the rôle to protest indignantly at being detained or suspected. And so many friends of the enemy have been found in high places that the best plan is to take nothing for granted, to treat all alike on a plane of impartial inquisition, to compel the "Y" secretary and the Red Cross nurse to run the gauntlet with the rest of us civilians unadorned.

For the German, who has no scruples, has used both uniforms to cloak his fell designs.

As you sit on a hard bench in the shed at the dock of the Channel steamer awaiting your turn, you have leisure to study your fellow-sufferers.

The line-up may be this:

1. The baby pulling at the mother's veil and fretting while she explains that it is teething.

2. The little boy who gets lost under the seat.

3. The dark gentleman reading Russian, with his eyes two inches from the page.

4. The deaf man, who wants to know what was said whenever an unintelligible announcement is made by the good-natured Bobby who stems the human tide with his big hands upon the guard rails, or by the police in khaki with M. F. P. on their shoulders and wound stripes on their sleeves.

5. The polite gentleman with the red tie, sport waistcoat and cane hooked over his arm, who is always incorrectly explaining things to the worried lady with a veil, a wicker lunch-basket and a thermos bottle.

One finds it hard to account for the presence of so frivolous a pair.

6. The lady with three umbrellas, two sofa-pillows and a Pomeranian in a bag with a grating, who puts her fingers through and tickles the doglet's nose and makes noises like eating soup.

7. The Red Cross nurse with her curls escaping from under her cap and a Mona Lisa way with her eyes and her hands.

8. The fellow with the briarwood pipe, the French tobacco and the velours hat, who looks at his passport every ten minutes to make sure he still resembles the photograph.

Then there are, the fellow who speaks no language except Basque, the lady who has lost her baggage, the lady with the grand manner and the lady with no manners at all. And so on. The exceptions only prove the rule that those who undertake to move in wartime from country to country, with all the obstacles interposed like the wire entanglements of No Man's Land, have some serious reason for making the journey.

All are potential spies.

Perhaps you found it took two hours and a quarter on one side of the Channel to run the gauntlet and three hours and a half on the other. You begin to wonder if the ammunition of the firing squad had run out. You fumed against the red tape. What was the use of it all, you asked anybody who would listen to you.

A brief, true story from sources I must not reveal shows why the authorities are so careful about the "who's who" of every passenger list.

X and Y were two professional women thieves, well known to the French police. They made a practice of engaging rooms at hotels and sneaking into the apartments of the other guests.

They made up their minds that Paris was getting too hot to hold them. They crossed the border into Spain, going on foot through Andorra and reached Barcelona.

While traveling in Spain one of them noticed a package under a car seat and managed to purloin it. It contained 7500 francs. The theft was traced to the pair and they were arrested and kept in jail from January to June, 1916. They were visited by many important persons, especially members of the Carlist party.

When they were released, they were approached by a German agent. He told them they were entirely too good to be mixed up with this low order of criminality. He gave them 4000 francs to buy clothes and become ladies of fashion.

They were told to go back into France for two-fold service. They were to assist anarchists in a plan that would bring the war to an end. They were to furnish information to Germany. For this work they were to be liberally paid.

It was necessary to secure passports. To procure these documents, birth certificates were falsified. They

were made out as coming from districts invaded by the Germans, wherein the parish records were destroyed, so that no one could prove the forgery.

They were to send messages by code to a given address. The code was—as codes go—a very simple one. The alphabet would begin at the sixth letter; in other words, its A would be letter F. The words used were to have for their initial letters the letters of the words it was desired to form. Thus for the word “bear,” four words would be used beginning with the code letters for b, e, a, and r.

In addition, certain stock phrases were chosen. Thus, “Have engaged a charming villa not too dear” might mean “Troopships are expected off the port of M to-night”; or “Engage a seat on express train for Blois” might mean “Am making headway with anarchist propaganda in the town of O.”

These women were taught that England was Germany's worst enemy and that France was a mere tool. They were directed to travel up and down the French coast, picking up information about ships and men and supplies. They were to gain the confidence of English officers, marrying them if necessary, in order to be taken to England.

The trouble was that these women already had a police record, though they were amateurs in the game of espionage. Their correspondence was closely scrutinized. Letters and money sent by them to each other and to their German “boss” in blue envelopes by way of a third party to the plot were held up.

When enough of the compromising correspondence had been collected to make out a clear case against them, they were arrested and shot. They had, in the meantime, fled into Spain, but the Spanish police had been persuaded to surrender them.

Their downfall was due to these three causes:

1. They had a bad police record.
2. They committed their letters to the post in the ordinary fashion.
3. They were amateurs in the art of espionage.

Their fate, at any rate, illustrates the usefulness of the work of the agencies employed to set snares for the feet of the evil-doer behind the lines, and after hearing the story one is perhaps more inclined to be patient under the ordeal of cross-examination at a port of entry.

THE END



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